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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 23, 1935

AFTER THE DELUGE

In the Valley of the Medway, Scene of Some of the Worst of the November Floods

The persistent downpour of rain has changed the face of Southern England and the Midlands, thousands of acres of which have become inundated by the floodwaters, whole villages being cut off and the inhabitants marooned in their houses. Kent, where this picture was taken, suffered severely, the Medway rising 27 ft. above normal, in some places covering the Maidstone–Tonbridge road to a depth of 8 ft., and compelling householders at Yalding and Marden to take refuge in their upper rooms. Other parts of the country have been almost as greatly affected: at Windsor the Castle grounds were invaded by the Thames; farms between Lewes and Barcombe Mills, Sussex, could be approached only by boat; the Birmingham–Nottingham main road was impassable; the Wey burst its banks between Guildford and Godalming; while the Trent at Holme Lock rose at the alarming rate of an inch an hour. There is no doubt that the damage to property has been heavy, but fortunately conditions have not been so bad as in south-eastern France, where large numbers of people have been rendered homeless and the Government has had to come to their aid

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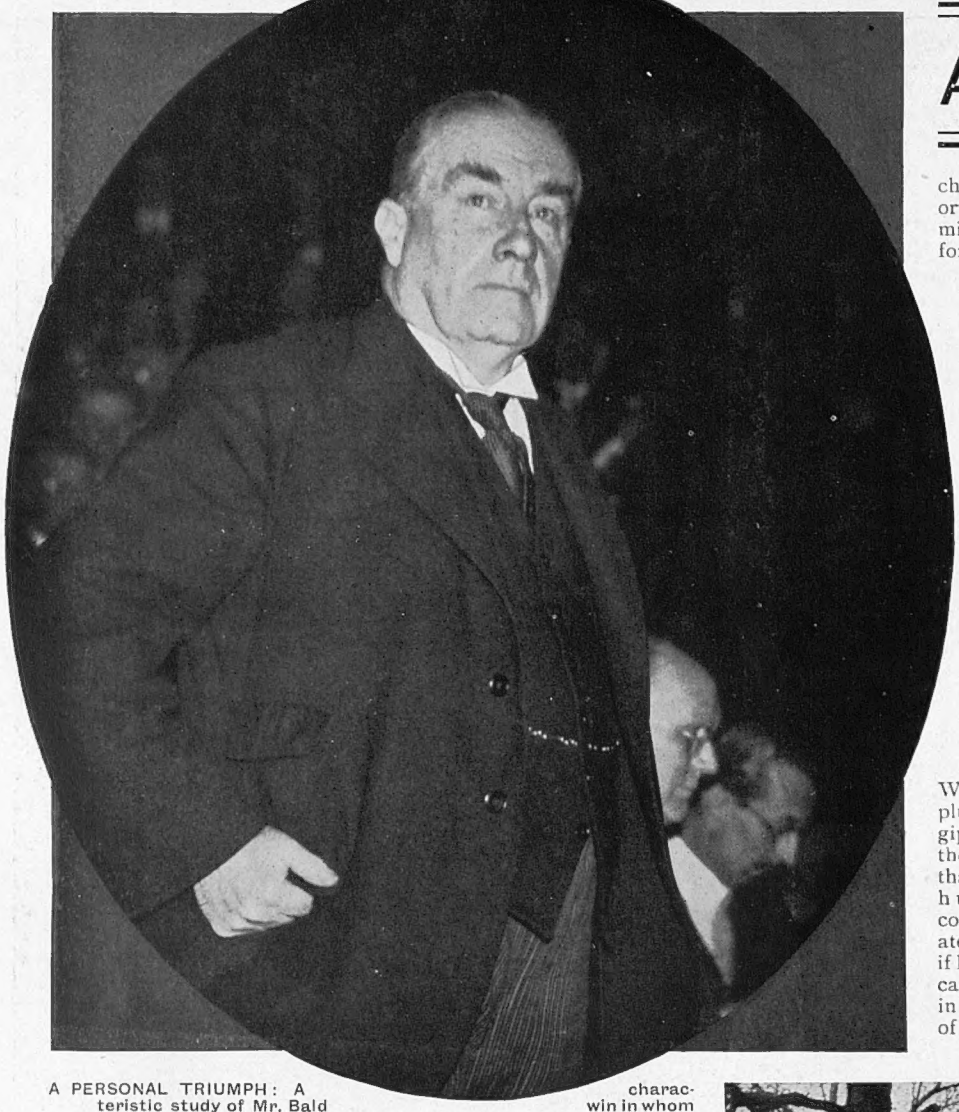


A PERSONAL TRIUMPH: A characteristic study of Mr. Baldwin in whom the nation has once again overwhelmingly placed its confidence. He began his political career in 1908, at the age of forty-one and, when in 1916 Bonar Law made him his Parliamentary Secretary, he was still quite unknown to the general public. His first Cabinet post was in 1921 and, contrary to expectations, he succeeded to the Premiership in 1923, being chosen in preference to Lord Curzon. His term of office lasted only a short time, but he again came into power in October, 1924, remaining at the head of affairs for nearly five years and demonstrating his ability as a leader in no uncertain fashion

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 20, 1935.

VICTORS AND VANQUISHED.—The General Election is over, thanks be. Perhaps if it had held public interest more constantly than it did it had given National Government an even bigger majority. The Election broadcasts undoubtedly produced early a sense of repletion. Complacency is sometimes, too, the vice of the entrenched. What is the position? First let us remember that the Parliament lately dissolved held 458 Conservatives and only 57 Socialists. In a normal General Election "No Change" is often accounted as "no indication." In this election it was not so. With so huge and abnormal a majority, 50 per cent. of the seats retained by National candidates clearly indicated a fresh victory for the National flag. That is worth remembering. Before tabulating the final results a word on the enthroned and the dethroned. Mr. Morrison, as expected, gained S. Hackney by 5,000 votes and returns to the fray, as does Mr. J. R. Clynes, who won back Platting, Manchester. The Opposition Liberals fared gloomily indeed. Sir Herbert Samuel and his Chief Whip were both defeated, the former at Darwen. Leading women Socialists also fared badly. Miss Susan Lawrence was beaten by Mr. MacMillan and Miss Maggie Bondfield was evicted by Wallsend. Miss Jenny Lee is out also. Two young men, well advertised, failed—Sir Stafford Cripps' son failed at Exeter, Mr. Churchill's son at West Toxteth, and thus "paired." I suppose most people expected Mr. MacDonald to be beat. He was massacred but may perhaps rise again. His son must come back. Sir John Simon very nearly got the same ticket. Mr. Elliot's fate was doubtful for a time. On the whole "sitting" hens have fared ill and the new House will have but nine women, including Lady Astor, Miss Megan George, Mrs. Tate (who won Frome), and Miss Thelma Cazalet who returns, like her brother, Victor. Dr. Addison goes and Dr. Dalton, a valuable recruit for Labour, takes his place in Parliament. I was glad to note that Mr. Ormsby-Gore held Stafford once more, as he deserved to do. Mr. Harold Nicholson adds another chapter to his versatile career. Durham as expected went solidly Labour. I suppose Salford and Romford were the two outstanding "straws in the wind." Luckily they blew in opposite directions. Well, there it is. None anticipated so signal a victory for sanity and National Government; not the Cabinet, nor its Intelligence Department, nor the Stock Exchange, nor Europe. The Government can rely on a majority of nearly 250. It is a clear mandate, and Mr. Baldwin, who has said a mouthful, has plenty of work before him, and the country (including I suppose the over-burdened taxpayer) behind him. It is "Go ahead, all clear," until the fog over Europe is reached in due course.

A.P.H.—The Star Performer in the Elections shines out without a rival. In fact, there was only one Sensation, with a big S. It was A. P. Herbert's General Election and Oxford did it. How appropriately named the "Home of Lost Causes" is the University which has returned Lord Hugh Cecil (as usual) and (as if to signify that Oxford minds move with the times) A.P.H., the champion of causes lost, stolen or strayed. They rejected the admirable historian, officially put forward with dignified formalities and lost him his deposit. They chose a last minute, practically unheralded candidate who had never heard of forfeited deposits. [Else he wouldn't have risked his bit of fun.] Oxford struck a blow for her reputation. She was determined to show that she is not so mossgrown, not so spineless, not so tradition-bound, as idle rumour has it. She elected the water-bus man on his busman's holiday; the prime foe of Dora and all her chatelaine of keys that lock away the whisky; who sends grown-ups to bed at curfew, and interferes with personal liberty of traders and public. They sent Topsy as M.P. to Westminster, and plumped for the water gipsy. They showed the world, in a word, that justice, logic, impish humour, and moral courage appeal to graduates of Oxford. A.P.H., if he never win one of his causes, yet has his reward in representing the home of lost causes.

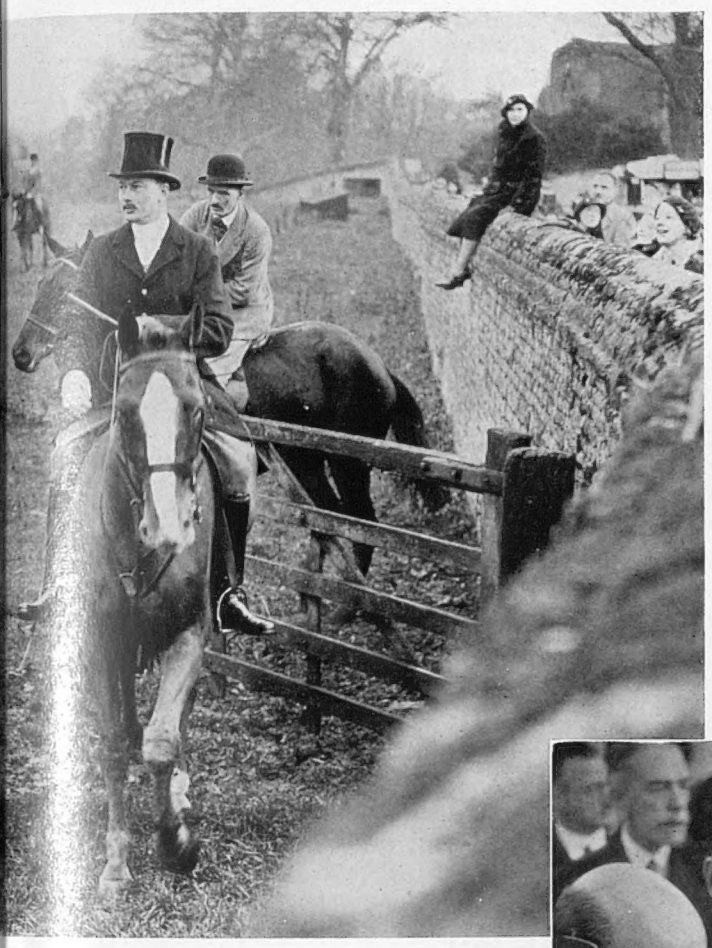
RUS IN URBE: The Duchess of Kent, who has made a rapid and complete recovery since the birth of her son, Prince Edward, walking with her sister, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia (*left*), in the gardens of Belgrave Square—a picture which would appear to have been taken in the depths of the country rather than in the heart of Belgravia

A PEARL AMONG—TRIPE.—In all the blether, bromide, and balderdash of the late Elections, I believe the truest, shrewdest, wisest speech was made by Professor Gilbert Murray, speaking to the Birmingham Rotary Club. His speech deserved printing and broadcasting free to householders in Europe. Here are points from what he said: (1) In this Election every speaker pointed out that, if the other party came in, we should have a shocking bad government. That suggested to him how bad governments generally were. So he agreed with *all* the speakers, only withholding the worst of the verdict from Britain's Governments. (2) In the wider sphere (the international) Governments all believe that their people are more rabidly national and nationally selfish than they are. These Governments meet at Geneva in a highly nervous state. Each says: "If I don't get my share from this tug-of-war, I shall have to face a critical parliament at home." (3) What makes Governments so unduly suspicious of each other, so narrow, so greedy, is the belief that in snatching an individual plum lies popularity at home. The people of Europe, if they had no leaders and no restraints, would fraternise. We had scores of instances in and after the war. Suspicion is therefore as much bred as shed at Geneva (but Prof. Murray did not say this; I find it a logical inference from his premises). Well, I commend his speech and commend it also to the new Cabinet. In European affairs let them *act* on their mandate, enjoy their security of tenure and think their nationals (for once) neither narrow, greedy, nor suspicious of every "furriner."

THE ROYAL HONEYMOON: The Duke and which hunts in the neighbourhood of Duke of Buccleuch, where their Royal

EUROPE LOOKS TO ENGLAND.—Sir Arthur Willert, lately director of the Foreign Office Press Department, has written a book, *The Frontiers of England*, which should confirm Mr. Baldwin's election warning that the Government in England during the next five years will need all the political experience the country can bring together under one flag. He visited, for his book, practically every country in Europe, talking to men and women in every walk of life, and he has—perhaps a little hastily—collated his collected data on Europe's views of Britain's importance to the peace of Europe in the next decade. His conclusion may well make our flesh creep, especially if we are "Little Englanders" or Isolationists in the wider sense. With the exception of Germany and Russia, he tells us that all European opinion is practically solid in the belief that the peace of Europe and the fate of civilization now hang on Great Britain, and that unless our Government is prepared to intervene again and again, and to throw her influence into the scale for peace without hesitation, catastrophe must follow catastrophe. This is a gloomy outlook for Britons who think

that there is enough urgent domestic reform to keep our Government busy for five years, without outside diversions. This also is a theory which justifies the creation of two or more ministerial posts solely devoted to the affairs of the League. The frontiers of England during the next decade are by no means limited by the Rhine, they are limited by the rim of the world. Our maintaining the integrity of Austria against German Nazism is to be the price of our holding India. Collective security must be carried forward in a cart dragged by a horse. Britain has of late been the cart, France the horse. We have got to swop those roles. Germany alone does not want British intervention in Europe, but assuredly she does not want to quarrel with Britain. Until Hitler's schemes have matured and materialised, she wishes above all to persuade Britain that Europe can do without British intervention. Sir Arthur does not think we can afford to accept Germany's assurances, and confine ourselves to our domestic problems. His book, which will be widely discussed, seems therefore to endorse Mr. Baldwin's declared policy, even as regards rearmament up to our League requirements.



Duchess of Gloucester out with the Woodland Pytchley, Boughton House, the Northamptonshire home of the Highnesses have been staying since their marriage

MR. JACK TENNANT.—

Mr. H. J. Tennant, who died last week, was the youngest son of Sir Charles Tennant, whose capable, energetic, determined, and brilliant family has in the past forty years made Society a livelier thing than it might have been. These Tennants have been the yeast of social life, and Lady Oxford's nieces carry the tradition on. Some appreciate their fearlessness and frankness; some are embarrassed by it; none can fail to be interested by it. They were Liberals, of course, though Jack Tennant left the party in 1931, because he strongly opposed what he considered the unpatriotic party-spirit it then pursued. He began political life as secretary to his brother-in-law, Mr. Asquith, and rose to be Secretary for Scotland and to hold the junior Government posts in the Board of Trade and War Office. He was a Cabinet Minister and did good administrative service in the war. He was small of stature and usually calm and suave. His passion was shooting, and he was a fine shot; curiously, his favourite sport often made him miserable. He liked so much to have the lion's share of the luck, and sometimes was rather like a spoilt child when the birds went to his neighbour or he himself was out of form. But life was pleasant for his guests at Edinglassie, and he was popular in Aberdeenshire and in Kent, and highly respected for his integrity, his humanity, and his agility of mind. He was very well off and sensibly generous. He cannot be named without reference to his second wife, who, as Miss May Abraham, was a great pioneer of women's emancipation, and an immensely far-seeing and capable factory inspector. Few women have made a better use of a woman's influence in public and social life than she has, and few women have worked harder and more continuously.

LORD TRENCHARD.—

The late Lord Byng and Lord Trenchard both had charge of the administration of the Metropolitan Police in times of the greatest importance; when, as a result of the war, of the post-war spirit, and of the wave of crime on novel lines (attributable to changing conditions in housing, manner of life, and improvements in communications), far-reaching reforms became necessary, not only in the discipline of the force, but also in the methods of detection and prevention of crime. Each achieved an immense amount of improvement by very different methods. The natures of the two men were entirely different, though both proved strong men. Lord Byng was distinguished by his hatred of forms, rules, and ceremony, and by an outstanding humanity which made a friend and a brother of every man he met or had to deal with in whatever rank of life. He was loved by all ranks, and detested certain severe disciplinary measures which had become overdue in the Force. Lord Trenchard ruled and gained the respect of the Force by stern and impartial discipline, always characterised by aloofness, dignity, and justice. During their terms of office they practically remade every department of Scotland Yard, swept away a score of abuses, cleaned out many elements of corruption, and rebuilt the machinery of crime detection and prevention by the introduction of all the latest methods which science has made available. Utterly different as their natures were, each was ideally fitted to deal with the situation that faced him on appointment. Tactful and gentle handling — *suaviter in modo* — was essential when Lord Byng took charge. *Fortiter in re* was possible when Lord Trenchard came in. It is probably fair to say that each man accepted the onerous and thankless and important post from a stern sense of duty. Each left it with the knowledge that he had done a difficult job well and had earned the respect of the public and the Force.

"CHANKLEBURY" RING.

—One hundred and eighty years ago Mr. Charles Goring, of Wiston, whose descendants still abide under the Downs, planted on the stretch of South Down which connects Washington Gap with Steyning and Shoreham, a ring of beeches. The young growth was favoured by weather conditions, and before Goring died they had become a landmark for miles around. They were a direction post from the Gibbet at Hindhead, from the heathery head of Blackdown, from Harting Beacon, from Leith Hill, and indeed from many less exalted and likely eminences. The beech ring, even in 1810, was safe from the winds for the duration of beech-life. But now old age has stepped in; the weaker brethren, from sheer senility, have fallen before the wind, which has driven a wedge into the ring such as completes the wind's destructive work during great gales. Mr. Philip Gosse has put in a plea for this most famous landmark. A replanting scheme is urgently necessary. Already it may be too late for our and the rising generation to save a Sussex institution. For another gale may sweep the Ring away. We must replant for Posterity. That is a slogan with which our Governments make play.

A POET'S HAUNTS.—

A regular assault is being made on the jealously-guarded retreats of the poet Tennyson. The threat to Aldworth and Blackdown via Tennyson's Lane is not yet averted. And now comes the news that Farringford in the Isle of Wight is to be let furnished. Farringford lies snugly under Freshwater Down, and for a whole generation after the poet's death, it was preserved by his son, in pious memory, exactly as he loved and left it. That is to say, the garden was a tangle and where the tree fell, there it lay. The last pipe of the bard was in position exactly as he laid it down, and the house, shadowed and gloomy, was, for all its occupation by the poet's three lively grandsons, a museum and even a mausoleum. When the second Lord Tennyson died, his son Lionel initiated reforms, and a car park was made in the sanctuary for the accommodation of tourists from U.S.A. and elsewhere. The present owner could hardly be expected to live there permanently, and he has decided to let it. Under tasteful and energetic handling, Farringford could be made a cheerful summer residence. It needs light letting in, and air, that is all. The golden Down and glimpses of blue sea can render it enchanting. That being so, Farringford should attract a lessee. All the more reason for Tennyson-lovers to save the approach to Aldworth and subscribe to the fund for saving Tennyson's Lane and Blackdown.

HEIGH HO! THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

—The tell-tale figures now read, as recorded by my Washington-pattern rain gauge—

Rainfall:

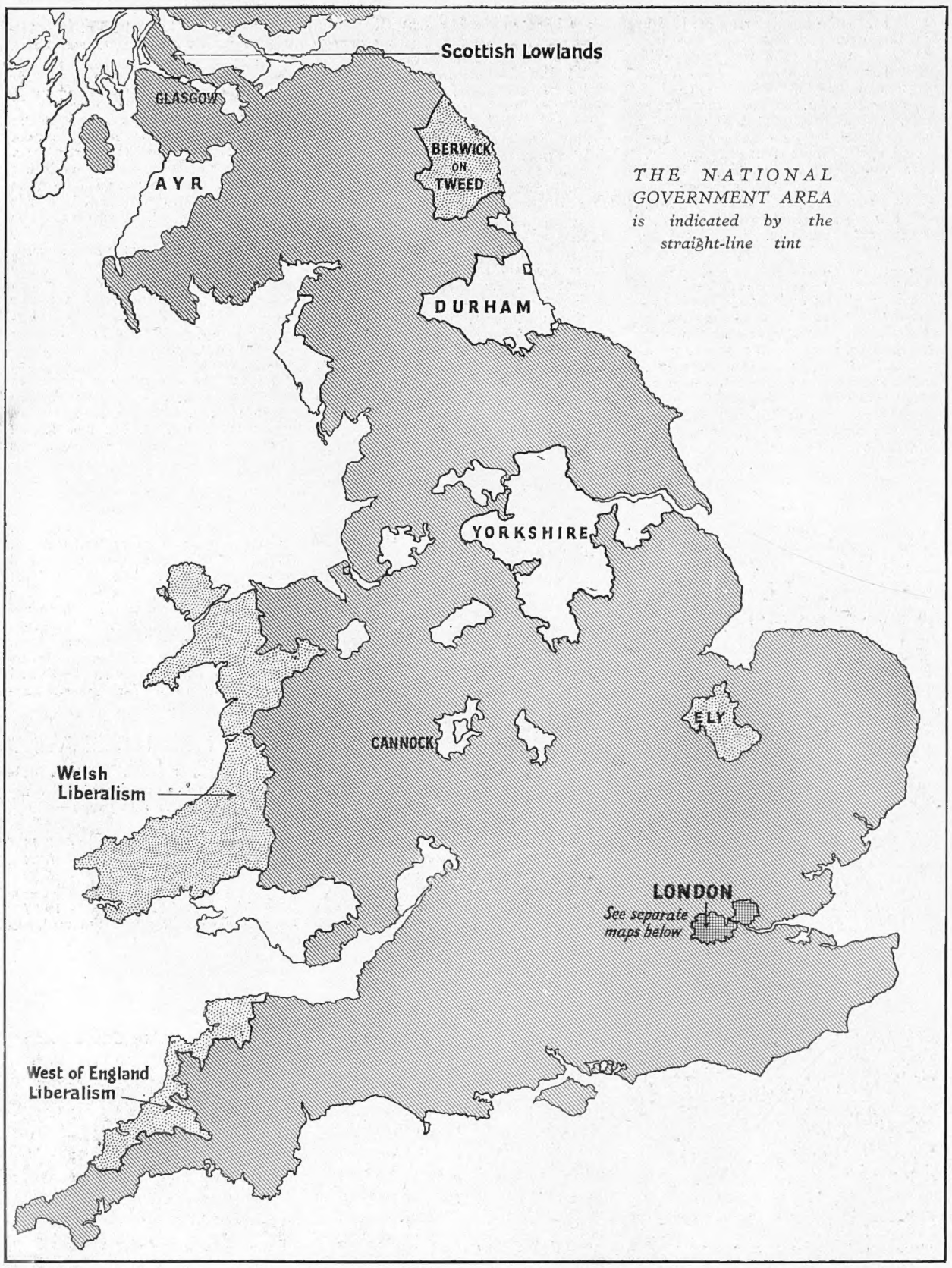
August and September	8·64
October	4·53
November 1 to 18	6·80
3½ months' total	19·97

There is no doubt about the repletion of our local wells. I have no wind-measuring or recording instrument. Which I regard as a blessing. We have had quite enough aural and ocular evidence of gales these last weeks. What an autumn!

THE OLD STAGER

KING GEORGE OF THE HELLENES IN PARIS

On his way home to Greece to assume the throne again, His Majesty made a short stay in the French capital and is pictured here signing the golden book when visiting the Arc de Triomphe and the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. He was welcomed there by General Gouraud, the Military Governor of the City



HOW BRITAIN VOTED: A sketch map showing where the three principal parties received support, the darker shaded portion representing the National Government, the lighter shaded portion representing the Opposition Liberals, and the white portion representing Opposition Labour. As anticipated the Conservatives did particularly well in the rural areas and lost but little ground in the boroughs, while Labour strongholds were the coalfields and industrial districts of South Wales, Yorkshire, and Durham. Liberalism found few supporters except in the West, where the belief in Free Trade is evidently as strong as ever. It should be pointed out that this map is mainly geographical in aspect, and is not meant to show precise numerical strength

THE NATIONAL SCORES

THE VERDICT OF THE POLLS: Countess Captain Sidney Herbert was returned

The DANGERS

Liberal-Labour Election Forecasts and What Happened

With Orkney and Shetland proving a Conservative gain, Major B. H. Neven-Spence beating Sir Robert Hamilton (Lib.) by 2,226 votes, the Government majority became 248. Expressed in terms of membership, the results are as follows:

Government.		*Opposition.*	
Conservative	387	Labour	156
Liberal National	31	Liberal	20
Labour National	8	I.L.P.	4
National	3	Communist	1
Total	429	Total	181

Three results still to be declared.

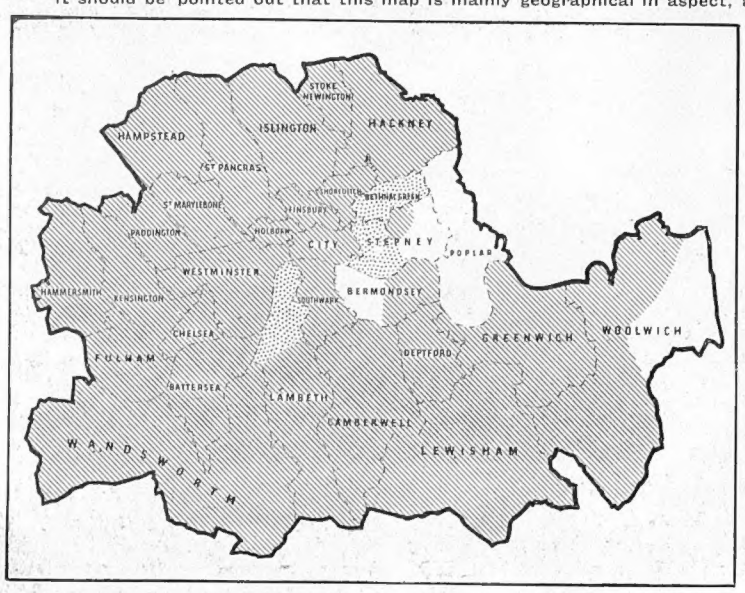
As on the occasion of every election the disappointed side seeks consolation in counting up the votes cast and finding that by a system of proportional representation they would have many more representatives in the House. Under the votes test, of course, the Liberal Party can take heart. The Labour Party can hardly press the point with the same vigour, for in the 1929 election the figures were as follows:—

Conservative	*Labour*
1929	
Polled	Polled
8,656,473 votes	8,389,512 votes
Held seats, 260	Held seats, 287

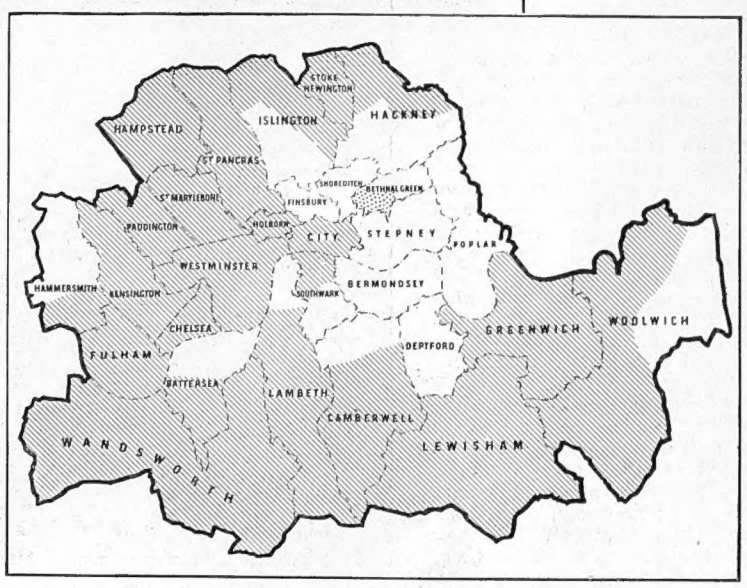
The Labour Party certainly on this occasion profited by the "gambler's luck" of the election, to use the *Manchester Guardian's* phrase. But it should be pointed out that any calculation on this vote basis is vitiated by the fact that 10,000,000 on the register did not exercise their rights as members of the franchise.

The highly optimistic election forecasts quoted below in italics are taken from two of the Opposition daily newspapers, and, when compared with the actual results, not only make highly interesting reading, but testify to the dangers of prophecy in such matters.

Southwark.—*Government seems fairly certain to lose the three*



THE LONDON BOROUGHS IN 1931

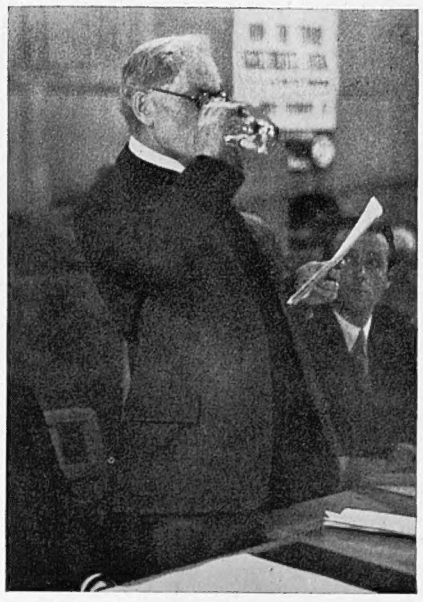


THE LONDON BOROUGHS IN 1935

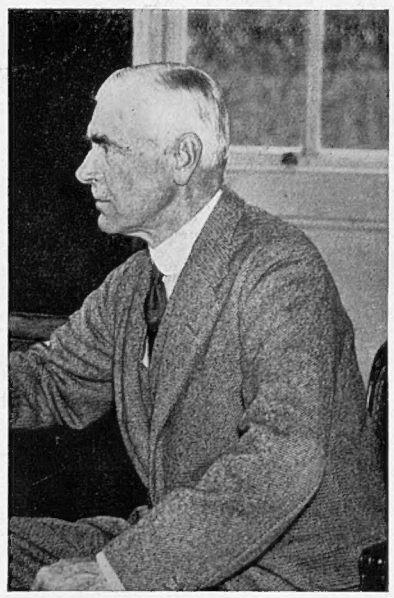
Two sketch maps comparing the results of the recent General Election with those of 1931, and showing how Labour's attempt to gain a sweeping majority in the capital was foiled, the Government still holding thirty-nine seats as compared with the Opposition's twenty-three. It will be noted that there were a number of Labour gains in North London, but the constituencies south of the river mostly remained loyal to the Conservative cause. The darker shaded portions represent the Government, the lighter shaded portions Opposition Liberal, and the white portions Opposition Labour

GOVERNMENT AGAIN

and scrutineers at Caxton Hall, where for the Abbey Division of Westminster



TASTING THE BITTERNESS OF DEFEAT: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald whose failure at Seaham, was the most sensational of the General Election results



THE SPEAKER IS UNDEFEATED: Captain E. A. FitzRoy who was opposed in his constituency at Daventry. He had a majority of 8,167

AFTER THE POLL: Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Minister for League Affairs, addressing his constituents following his re-election for Warwick and Leamington

# of PROPHECY

divisions of Southwark. North Southwark was retained by the National Liberal though the Labour candidate was confident he was to be in the next House of Commons.

North-West Camberwell.—*The Hon. Oscar Guest will find it difficult to hold the seat against the combined attacks of Mr. Harry Edwards (Liberal) and Mr. Hector Hughes, K.C. (Labour) both of whom are being supported by the Council of Action for Peace and Construction.* But he retained the seat.

Wallsend.—*Miss Irene Ward, the Tory, has fought a losing fight, and has been outpointed on every side by Miss Margaret Bondfield. Wallsend electors are to-day going to back Labour.* Majority for Miss Ward, 2,379.

Wood Green.—*Tory castles in the air have disappeared. Mr. Beverley Baxter has been unable to find answers to pertinent questions. Miss Dorothy Woodman, the Labour candidate, has been placed in no such dilemma.* Result, Mr. Baxter returned with a 21,800 majority.

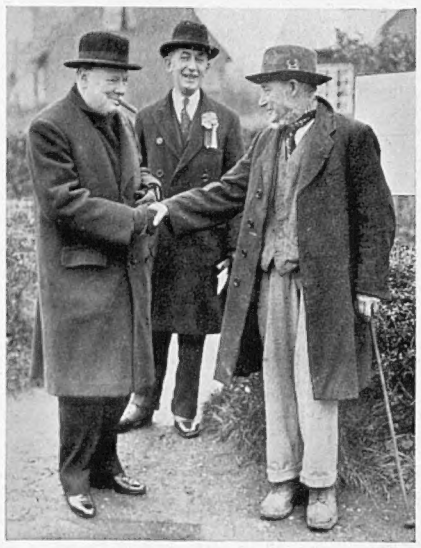
Peckham.—*Mr. Silkin, the L.C.C. housing expert has shaken Viscount Borodale, and his constructive policies have placed him in a more than favourable position.* Viscount Borodale is again M.P. for Peckham.

East Fulham.—*One of the sternest battles is taking place in East Fulham, where the Conservatives are leaving no stone unturned to depose Mr. John Wilmot, who won the seat from them in the dramatic by-election two years ago—Mr. Wilmot has made himself a parliamentary and local reputation which has made him the pride of the electors.* But he has lost the seat to the Hon. W. W. Astor.

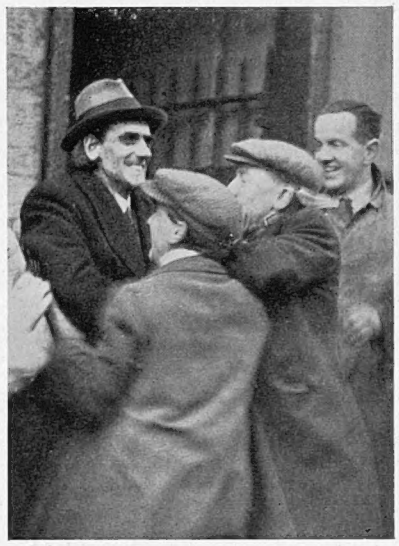
West Fulham.—*Sir Cyril Cobb, the old member is not doing so well as he used to do—and the combined attacks of Liberal and Labour candidates are making his position very insecure.* But he held the seat by 3,483.

Mr. J. L. Young (Lib.) and Mr. Harry Smith *are making an impression on the 31,000 majority with which Mr. George Balfour was returned as member for Hampstead in 1931.* Mr. Balfour retained his hold on Hampstead by 21,500, and the Labour candidate added only 1,500 votes.

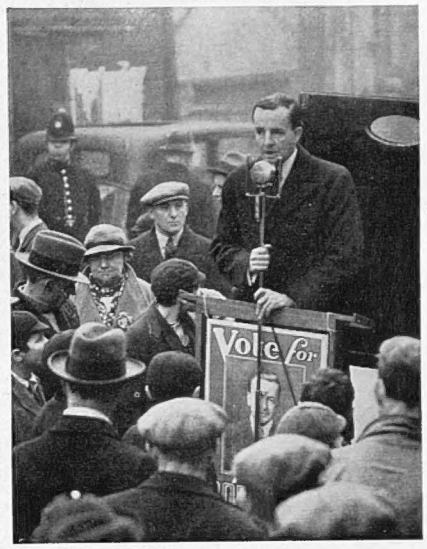
In North Kensington *the Government is very apprehensive. Mr. Duncan, the Conservative, is in imminent danger of losing his seat.* But he kept it by a majority of 2,798.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL CANVASSING: Chatting with one of his constituents at Epping where he actually increased his big 1931 majority. His son Randolph was just defeated at West Toxteth



CHEERS FOR THE I.L.P. LEADER: Mr. Maxton receiving the congratulations of supporters after his victory at Bridgeton, Glasgow. His Labour opponent obtained only 594 votes



A CLOSE SHAVE: Viscount Borodale, eldest son of Earl Beatty, addressing a crowd through the microphone during his contest at Peckham in the Conservative interest. His majority was under 1,000

VICTOR IN SALFORD WEST: Mr. J. F. Emery, one of the three Conservative candidates who were successful in the three Salford divisions. The results in this borough are popularly supposed to give an indication of how voting will go throughout the rest of the country

IN BY 4,632: Mr. J. P. Morris, Conservative victor at Salford North with a slightly reduced majority. He is a member of the London Stock Exchange and is on the executive committees of the Manchester and Bolton Conservative Associations

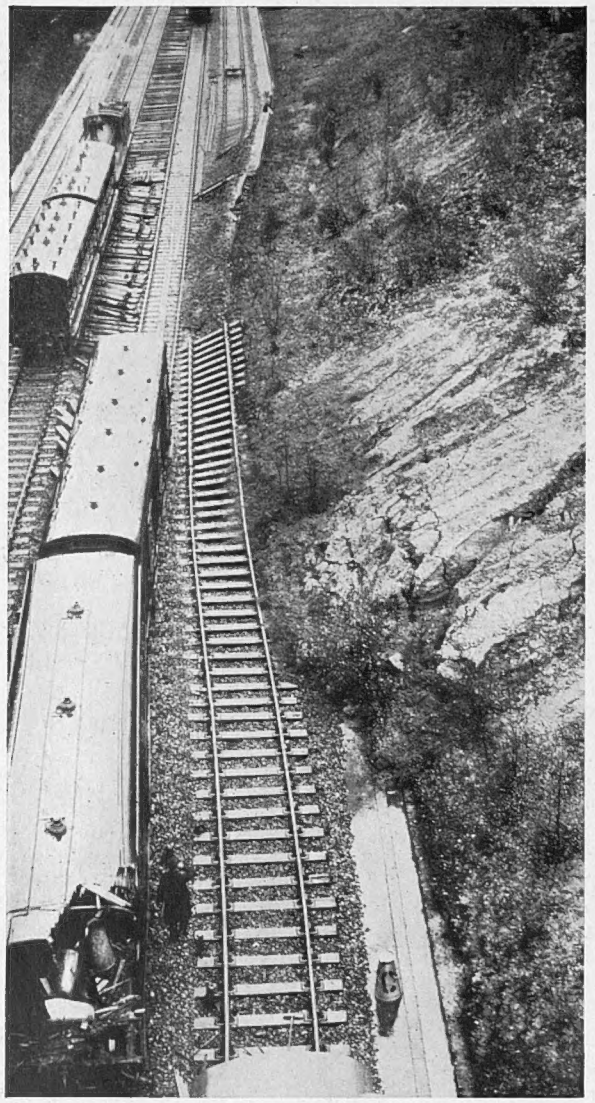
RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS OPPONENTS: Captain D. Gunston (*left*) who was returned for the Thornbury Division of Gloucestershire. When the National Government was formed he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Neville Chamberlain

STAGGERED: Mr. A. P. Herbert, the humorist and novelist, who was a candidate for one of the two Oxford University seats and, to his own surprise, was returned by a substantial margin

THE DOMINIONS AND HOME SECRETARIES: Mr. J. H. Thomas who was elected at Derby and Sir John Simon who had an extremely close fight in the Spen Valley

WATCHING RESULTS IN FLEET STREET: At this election there was not the usual enthusiasm in the streets, most people preferring to stay at home in comfort and hear the wireless announcements

NATURE IN TROUBLED



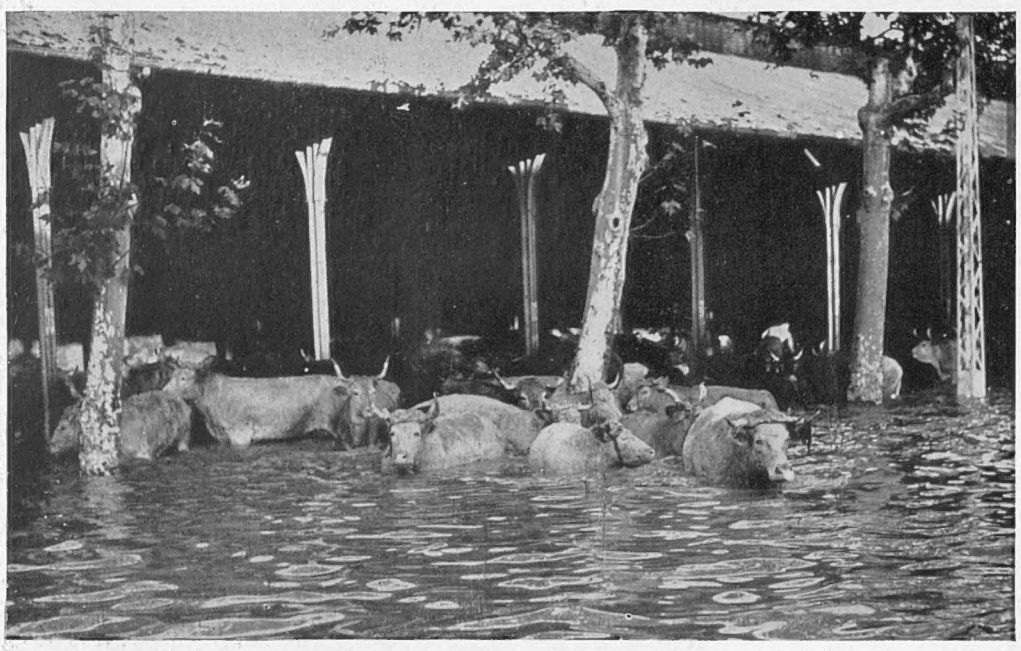
WRECKED BY A LANDSLIDE: The London-Southampton line, near Basingstoke, after a milk train had been derailed as a result of the collapse of the banking which had been undermined by rains and had displaced the rails. The driver, fireman, and guard all had lucky escapes

THE MORNING AFTER: The scene on the Southern Railway, near Basingstoke, showing how a section of the track was forced up, being pushed to an angle of between 30 and 45 degrees to the horizontal by the weight of clay and earth displaced from the embankment

VESUVIUS THREATENS: A cameraman, greatly daring, taking pictures near the crater when the famous volcano recently became more active than usual and it was feared there might be a serious eruption

THE TYRANT OF NAPLES: Dense clouds activity. The fears of the local Malladra, of the Vesuvius Observa

ONE OF MANY RIVERS IN ENGLAND THAT BURST THEIR BANKS: Flooded fields near Christchurch, Hants, where the Stour overflowed over many acres of farmland

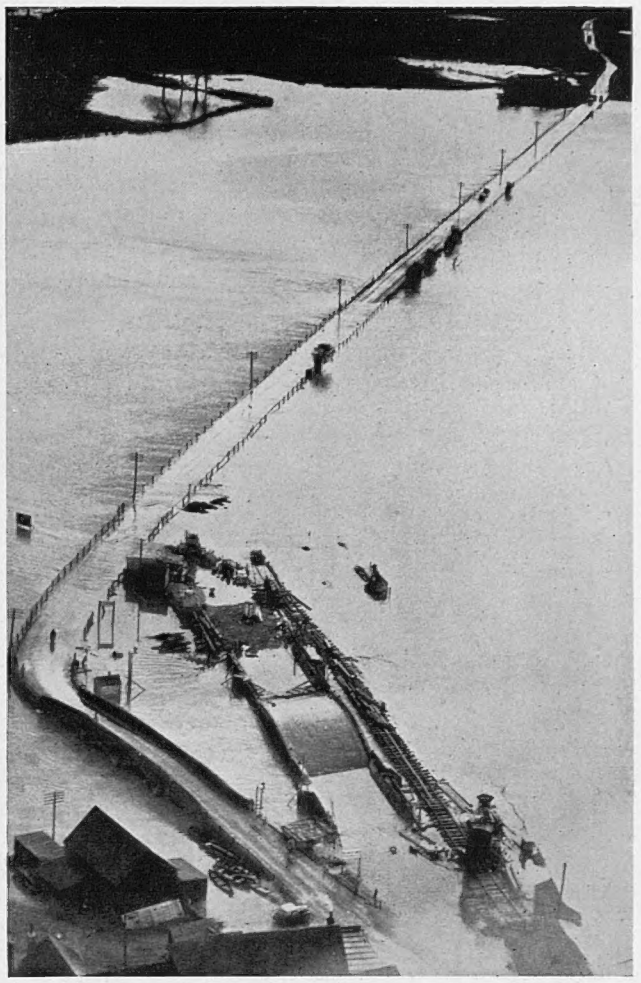


UP TO THEIR NECKS IN IT: Cattle cut off by the floods which have been caused by continuous rains in south-eastern France and have resulted in the town of Avignon being entirely surrounded with water. Thousands of the inhabitants are homeless, and the Government has set aside a preliminary sum of 20,000,000 francs to relieve them in their plight. Many people are being temporarily housed in barracks

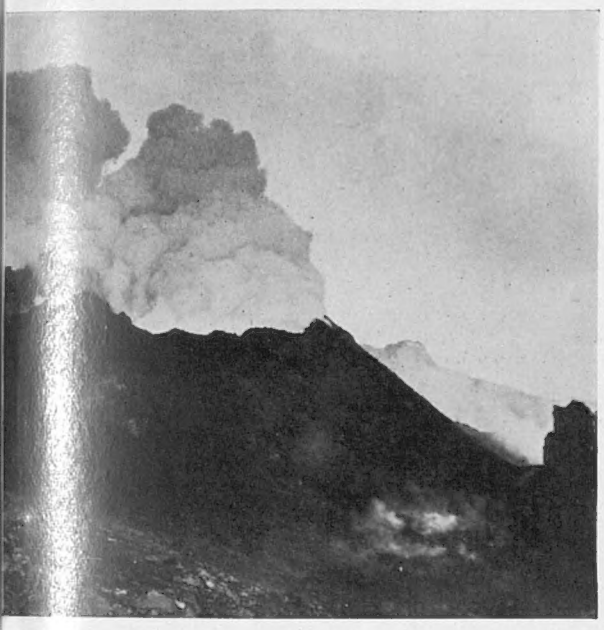
RESCUE WORK AT AVIGNON: A farmer bringing his cattle to safety, and French soldiers manning a boat in which they rescued many householders who were marooned. The River Rhone, on which the town stands, rose to a record high level

MOOD: FLOOD, LANDSLIDE, TORNADO, ERUPTION, and EARTHQUAKE in EUROPE and AMERICA

BREAKDOWN GANGS CLEARING THE WRECKAGE: Another vivid picture of the Southern Railway accident, revealing how the vans lay right across the cutting



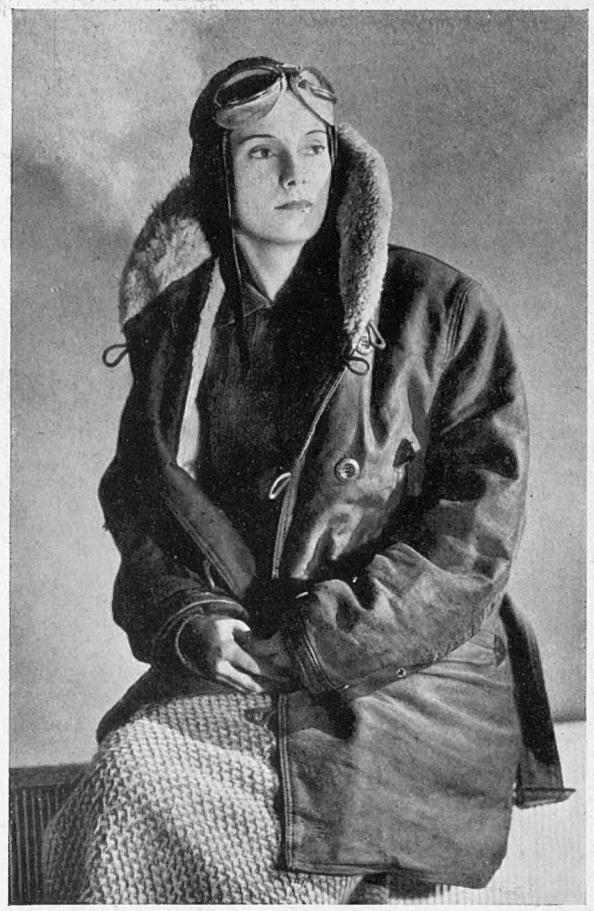
SUSSEX INUNDATED: Low-lying meadows and the main coast road near Pulborough flooded to a depth of several feet as a result of the overflowing of the River Arun. A scene typical of prevailing conditions in many parts of southern England and the Midlands



of steam rising from Vesuvius as the volcano leapt into new inhabitants have, however, been set at rest by Professor tory, who states that at the moment there is no real danger

ANOTHER HURRICANE IN FLORIDA: Trees razed to the ground and others bending before the wind at Miami during the height of the storm which swept across America's "sunshine State," causing six reported deaths and serious damage to property. Some weeks ago, it will be remembered, the Florida Keys were similarly devastated

THE EARTHQUAKE IN AMERICA: A wide area of the continent was shaken recently by a series of tremors, and while the number of people injured was comparatively small the damage to property was in some parts of the country quite considerable. *Above*—A building at Helena, Montana, almost completely wrecked. *Right*—Filing cases which toppled over on the top floor of a skyscraper in Albany, New York State, a picture that evidences the extent to which the giant structure must have been rocked. In New York City the inhabitants of most of the newer buildings were unaware of the 'quakes, but in the poorer districts cracks appeared in the walls of old houses

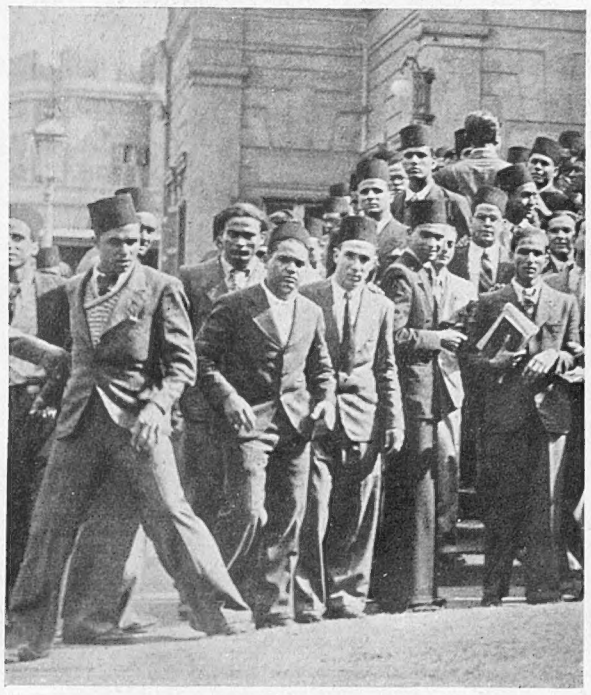


Cecil Storey

THE RECORD BREAKER: Two studies of Jean Batten, the twenty-five year old New Zealand aviatrix who last week accomplished the feat of being the first woman to fly the South Atlantic alone, making the perilous 1,700 miles crossing from Thies (Senegal) to Natal (Brazil) in 13 hrs. 15 mins., and thus bettering the times set up by Compo, of Spain, and Jim Mollison. When continuing her journey to Rio de Janeiro Miss Batten had to make a forced landing, and some hours elapsed before her whereabouts were discovered

HERO AND HEROINE OF THE CAPETOWN-LONDON FLIGHT: Flying Officer David Llewellyn, who is the son of the President of the Royal Academy; and Mrs. Jill Wyndham exchanging a mutual toast after landing at Hanworth and beating Mrs. Mollison's record by nineteen hours

STILL MISSING: Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, pictured here with his baby son, who failed to arrive at Singapore during his England–Australia flight. Hope for his safety has now been almost abandoned



THE RIOTS IN EGYPT: *Left*—Some of the students who have been taking part in Cairo in the series of anti-British demonstrations which have been organised by the Wafd (extreme Nationalists) and which have resulted in many clashes with the police. *Right*—Russell Pasha, Commander of the Cairo Police, talking with a newspaper correspondent

NOVEMBER 18

Becomes a Red-letter Day in History as Fifty Nations Unite to Put an End to War

So much has been written about sanctions that an apology is almost necessary for returning to the subject again. Considering its importance the date of November 18, on which sanctions came into force, came and passed relatively unheralded. And yet November 18 may come to rank in history as a day of the highest significance. On that day roughly fifty of the sixty-three States composing the world society embarked on the first attempt that has ever been made to enforce legality in international relations. By putting into operation a concerted plan of coercive action, they deliberately set out to prevent one of their number from carrying out a policy for which they had condemned her by law. The experiment is unique. Nobody yet can say if it will succeed, but the event is certainly worth recording.

If, as seems possible, this event proves a turning-point in history, it will form, one day, the subject of passionate research. Students will pore over yellowing documents in dusty archives seeking to discover the profound causes, or the chance array of forces, that made possible what for centuries had been dismissed as impossible. If only, therefore, because what we, with our volatile temperaments, are taking for granted, may be absorbing to future generations, one is justified in referring to it once more. The fact that we, and fifty other sovereign States, are definitely engaged in a sincere endeavour to replace "might" by "right" is only less surprising, when you come to think of it, than our absolute acceptance of the situation. Six months ago, three months ago, who would have predicted it? The stages which led up to this point, so full of portent for the universe, deserve, perhaps, to be traced in retrospect.

The long discussions and difficult negotiations which led to the application of sanctions can be divided clearly into two parts. The first part precedes October 7, and the second follows it. On that day the League Council unanimously decided that by invading Abyssinia four days previously Italy had violated her obligations under Article 12 of the Covenant. Thenceforth, there was legally and morally no escape from the application of Article 16, which provides for sanctions. Backed by the Assembly, the members of the Council set to work with a vengeance. As some of the delegates remarked, the despatch shown by the League once aggression had taken place astonished itself. By October 19—that is in less than a fortnight—the Co-ordinating Committee had adopted all the five proposals, which are the League's first answer to Italian aggression. These are, in order of adoption: The prohibition of the export of arms and ammunition to Italy and the annulment of such prohibitions in the case of Abyssinia; the prohibition of loans or credits to Italy; the prohibition of all purchases from Italy; the prohibition of certain exports to Italy; mutual assistance to diminish the loss of trade resulting from sanctions.

With a few exceptions these proposals were accepted by all the members of the League and at a meeting of the Co-ordinating Committee held on October 31 it was decided that they should come into force on November 18. The exceptions are Austria, Hungary, Albania, and Switzerland. The first three have a special relationship to Italy by virtue of political and economic accords which make them to a certain extent her dependants; while Switzerland appears to be reluctant to compromise her traditional neutrality.

It has always been recognised, of course, that the efficacy of sanctions would be greatly diminished without the adherence of non-League nations. As soon as the proposals were adopted, therefore, the non-League States were informed and their co-operation tacitly invited. At the time of writing replies have been received from the United States, Brazil, Egypt, and Germany. Those of the United States and Germany are encouraging but non-committal, while Brazil's is obscure and Egypt's definitely favourable. The attitude of the first two will be of great importance should the League decide to put oil and coal on the list of products denied to Italy.

The relative rapidity of the League's action is all the more remarkable when it is compared with what some people regard as dilatory tactics pursued by it earlier in the proceedings. These people would have liked to see the League take action in time to prevent the war taking place. They tend to overlook the practical difficulties confronting statesmen. It is true that Abyssinia appealed to the League in January and that it was not till October when her territory was already occupied by the enemy that the first real steps were taken to come to her aid. But it must be remembered that during all the intervening period negotiations were in progress with a view to conciliation.

Italy having rejected the final offer of compromise, there was nothing for the Council to do but to draw up a report on the dispute independently of the parties and make its own recommendations for a settlement. This it was still engaged in doing when on October 3 news came that Italian advance guards had crossed the Abyssinian frontier.

While it precipitated the gravest international crisis since the war, the news made the task of the drafting committee easier. The facts were too flagrant to bear any ambiguity. Within 36 hours the famous document had been produced in which the Italian Government was found to have "resorted to war in disregard of its Covenants under Article 12." The conclusion was adopted unanimously by the Council, Italy, as a party to the dispute, not voting. Thus for the first time in history a Sovereign Power stood formally convicted by its peers, and the machinery was set in motion for bringing the offender to book.

G. A. M.

THE CERVETERI SARCOPHAGUS

The British Museum's "Gem of Etruscan Art" that is now Declared to be a Forgery

CLOSE-UP: A detail of the authentic sarcophagus at the Villa Giulia in Rome, showing the female head which adorns it. It is moulded in terra-cotta

RECONSTRUCTED FROM FRAGMENTS: A male head adorning the Villa Giulia sarcophagus

WHAT secret family feuds, jealousies and treachery lie behind the story of the Cerveteri Sarcophagus which has now, after so many years, been proved to be a forgery and has been removed from the Terra-cotta room in the British Museum!

THE REAL THING: The Etruscan sarcophagus from Cerveteri which dates from the sixth century B.C. and is one of the treasures of the museum at the Villa Giulia in Rome. This beautiful piece is known to be authentic and is reproduced here for comparison with the sarcophagus belonging to the British Museum which, after years of controversy, is now definitely declared to be a forgery, an inscription on it having been recognised as a misread copy of an inscription in the Louvre

ANOTHER AUTHENTIC PIECE: The sarcophagus from Cerveteri now in the Louvre. Husband and wife are again represented together, thus symbolising their unity in the life beyond the grave

THE FAKE: The British Museum's sarcophagus, for many years one of the most prominent and popular exhibits, which has been condemned by experts as a forgery and the removal of which has been sanctioned by the Trustees. It will be noted that in the two genuine examples the pair recline on a couch, as if feasting, while here they appear to be gesticulating

Cerveteri lies to the north of Rome on the road to Palo and Bracciano. Known as the ancient Caere, Cerveteri became subject to the Etruscans and is famous for its necropoli. Here in the late nineteenth century, Pietro Penelli declared that he had excavated the fragments of a perfect sarcophagus which he sold to Castellani, the well-known Roman collector and archæologist.

In 1873 this sarcophagus was bought, with the rest of the Castellani collection, by the British Museum, but already in 1874 the first doubts as to its authenticity began to be voiced abroad, and Fabretti declared that the inscription on the lid was a copy of words engraved on an old gold brooch in the Louvre. Sir Charles Newton, the Keeper of the Department, refused to believe in Fabretti's allegations, but when he visited Paris a year later he heard a story which filled him with uneasiness and greatly shook his confidence. Pietro Penelli's brother, it appears, was employed in the Louvre, and Sir Charles was told that he was openly and shamelessly boasting of the fact that the sarcophagus which had been bought by the British Museum had been made by himself, that it had then been broken into fragments by his brother so as to give it an appearance of antiquity, and had been dug up and sold to Castellani. Questioning the authorities at the Louvre Sir Charles learnt that they were inclined to believe this story and that they moreover entertained grave doubts as to whether the sarcophagus, which was already attracting great attention in London, was a genuine antique. Letters demanding an explanation were sent to Pietro Penelli in Rome and he furiously denied Enrico's statements; and journeying to Paris threatened his brother with a libel action. Enrico at first evaded the issue and gave a very ambiguous explanation, but eventually, alarmed by his brother's threats, he formally retracted all he had said, and confessed that he had invented the story in order to injure his brother's reputation, and to revenge himself for a private grievance.

There—officially at least—the matter rested, though Sir Charles Newton was

(Continued on p. 316)

CHANGE IN PARK LANE

And the Stones of Old Waterloo Bridge Find a Temporary Resting Place

Change is once more attacking the famous lane which runs down the side of Hyde Park, and which was once known as Tyburn Lane. Blocks of bow-fronted houses still stand, but the days of those here depicted are numbered. These houses had gardens which ran back to the edge of the Lane; their front doors were in Park Street. Recent tenants were the Earl of Kimberley and Major Sir Henry Lyons, O.B.E.

Drawn by Percy Home

A BLOCK OF OLD-TIME BUILDINGS TO DISAPPEAR FROM PARK LANE: This group of residences, between Aldford Street and Mount Street are now unoccupied and are shortly to make way for another new block of buildings. These curved fronts are typical of the old Park Lane, although these are technically the backs of the houses, the front doors being in Park Street

ONCE SPANNING THE THAMES: These great granite blocks at one time formed the arches of Waterloo Bridge. The stones were all carefully numbered before the arches were demolished. These memorials of Rennie's masterpiece now lie in a long line close to a roadway at Harmondsworth, Middlesex, a moving sight to those who loved the old bridge

A MODERN FAÇADE: These concrete balconies with their rigidly rectilinear qualities express the modern style in Park Lane

EXQUISITE MASONRY: One of the houses to disappear was built at a time when some very fine stone-work was being put up in Park Lane

GARDEN FRONTS OF PARK LANE TO DISAPPEAR: The ivy from the gardens within still laps over the brick walls lining this part of the fashionable thoroughfare, and the little garden doors are still there. Ivied walls, however, are now becoming very rare in this part of the West End

PARK LANE IN AUTUMN

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by Rowland Hilder

An artist's impression of some of the older houses in this famous thoroughfare, which each year continue to dwindle in number as large blocks of luxury flats rear their heads skywards

MAYFAIR'S VALLOMBROSA

One of the towers of Grosvenor House dominating the trees of Hyde Park — only another example of the changes wrought in the London scene of recent years

THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE: The "altar" at the main door of the temple of Kalighat at Calcutta; a picture showing the famous cleft posts where goats and buffaloes are offered up in large numbers as sacrifices during the annual prayer festivals which are held there, and are attended by pilgrims from all parts of India

IN THE TEMPLE COURTYARD: Another animated scene at Kalighat. Seated on the steps is one of the religious traders selling marigolds, which are much used as offerings by the poorer people

KALIGHAT

A Calcutta Shrine and the Strange Rites that Take Place There

KALIGHAT, "the Place of Kali," which provides the original root word of the name Calcutta, is one of the most famous temples in all India. It derives sanctity from the legend that when the corpse of Siva's wife was cut in pieces by order of the gods, and chopped up by the disc (sudarsan chakra) of Vishnu, one of her fingers fell on this spot. The temple is supposed to date from the early seventeenth century when a member of the Sabarna Chaudhury family, which at one time owned considerable estates in this part of the country, cleared the jungle, built the shrine, and allotted 194 acres of land for its maintenance. A man of the name of Chandibar was the first priest appointed to manage the affairs of the place, and his descendants, the present proprietors, have now taken the title of Haldar.

The principal religious festival of the year at the temple is on the second day of the Durgapuja, in October, when as many as 1,600 goats are sacrificed to the goddess Kali and the courtyard is ankle-deep in blood.

The procedure of sacrifice is as follows: When a goat is brought by a devotee, it is first taken down to the Ganges by a priest, who plunges it beneath the surface of the sacred river for the purpose of purification. It is then brought back to the altar.

A priest catches it by the back legs, swings it up and down to the accompaniment of a crash from the temple gongs, so that its head falls in the cleft post seen on the left of the picture at the top of this page. A second priest, who stands between the post and the temple, raises a cutlass and slashes off the head with one stroke.

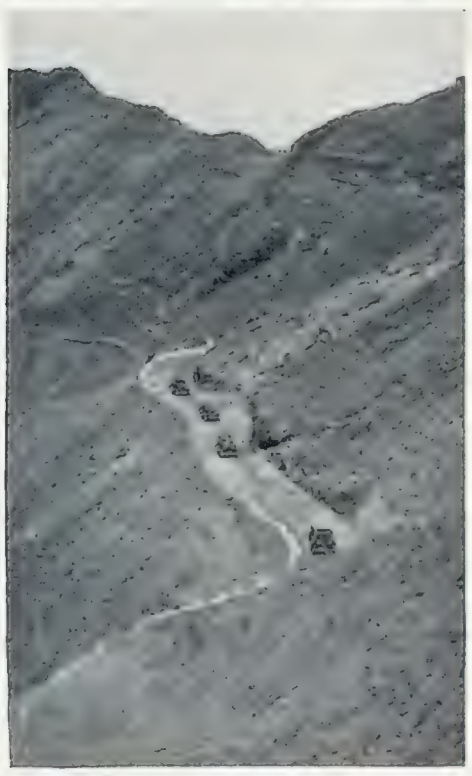
Blood pours in all directions, and the suppliants fling themselves face downward upon the temple floor to drink up the blood, much in the attitude of the kneeling woman shown in the above picture. At least 200 goats are sacrificed here each day throughout the entire year.

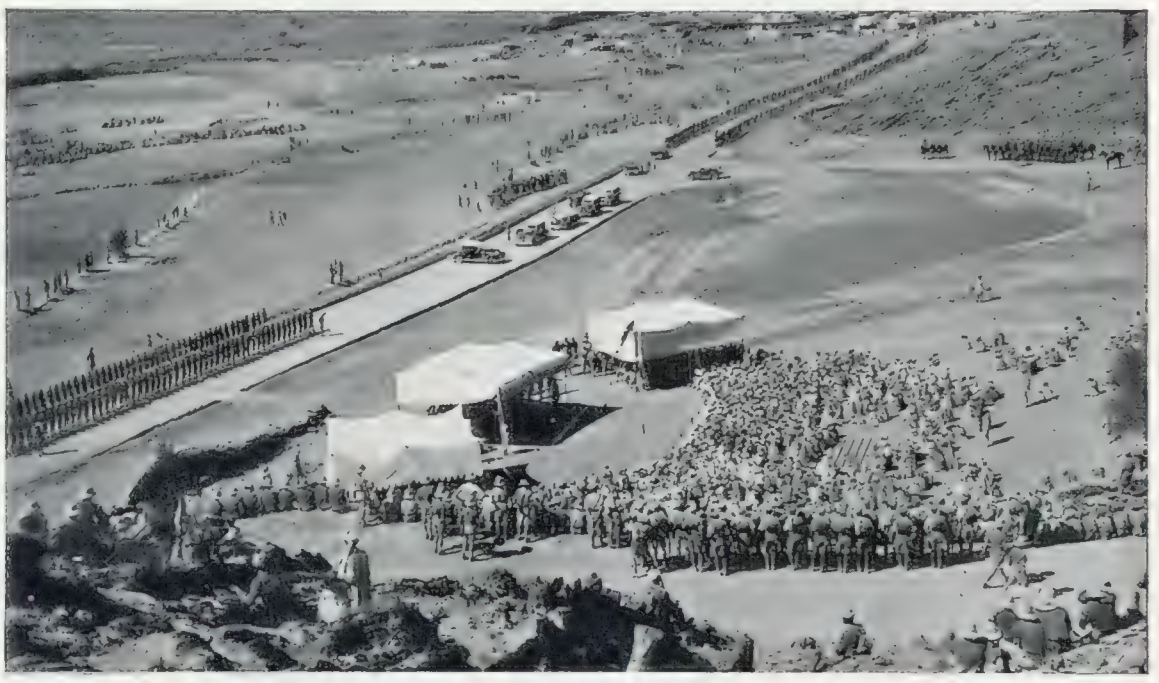
□

ON INDIA'S FRONT

Peace at Last Restored in the North West

On left—THE STORM CENTRE: Looking from the Nahakki Pass towards the Upper Mohmand country, recently the scene of some of the fiercest fighting that has been known for years on the North West Frontier, but where peace has now been successfully restored after a meeting between representatives of the Government and representatives of the recalcitrant tribes. In the distance can be seen the camp of the Peshawar Brigade, while winding up the hill in the foreground is the newly constructed military road of such excessive steepness that it can only be negotiated by closely packed hair-pin turns





ARMISTICE: A general view of the scene at the *Jirga* which was held near Wucha Jawar and attended by Sir Ralph Griffith, the Governor of the North-West Frontier Province, Sir Kenneth Wigram, the Northern Army Commander, and about 400 *maliks* (headmen) acting on behalf of practically all sections of the tribesmen. The Governor addressed the gathering in Pushtu, and when the meeting ended his terms of peace were accepted in full. *On left*—The new road over the Nahakki Pass, the building of which has caused considerable ill-feeling on the frontier. As an engineering feat it is comparable in many ways to the work now being done by the Italian troops in East Africa

MOHMAND AND SAFI TRIBESMEN: The man on the right is the outlaw Ali Khan who has recently been granted a free pardon for killing an even more notorious frontier leader

PARTING WORDS TO HIS LOYAL TROOPS: Brigadier Claude Auchinleck, who played a large part in the military operations against the Mohmands, bidding good-bye to Indian officers of the 18th Cavalry Regiment as he was about to leave Nahakki at the conclusion of hostilities. Since 1933 he has been commander of the famous Peshawar Brigade

FRANCE'S EVER-GROWING NAVY

Its Increase in Size and Efficiency Since the War

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

THE French Navy claims our attention currently for three reasons. Firstly, in wake of the recent regrettable doubt as to what it might or might not do in certain Mediterranean eventualities, an effort to hammer out a defensive arrangement between Britain and France, concerning the above sea and elsewhere, is fully under way. Secondly, our nearest neighbour's naval forces are being rapidly increased amid an entire modernity of construction. Thirdly, the French attitude at next month's naval conferring in London should be of salient importance in view of the well-known Paris official opinion that the Washington Treaty of 1921 was nothing less than "a surrender to the Anglo-Saxons."

ARDENT BELIEVER IN A BIGGER AND BETTER NAVY: M. Piétri (*right*), the present French Minister of Marine

The point was bitterly if extremely and wildly put by M. Claude Farrère, chauvinistic, deep-blue water novelist of the ocean and most august French naval publicist in that he is one of the "Immortals," in a brief and truculent interview in his Paris apartment. Wearing a steward's white jacket and barking as if still on the bridge (he was formerly Captain of Corvette *Fréderic-Charles Bargone)*, Farrère, a handsome, white-bearded old sea-dog of strong Oriental leanings, whose principal claims to notability are perhaps his authorship of *La Bataille* and the fact of his having been shot beside the ill-starred President Doumer, was dictating to a secretary while simultaneously being sketched. In answer to the direct question: "What do you think of the French Fleet?" he rapped out:

"There are two kinds of maritime forces. The mercantile marine and the military marine. The first is the best in the world: take the *Normandie* as proof. As for our Navy, it was a victim of 1914–18. It doesn't exist any longer."

With rising ire, Farrère proceeded: "England and America torpedoed the French Navy. The day Japan, with the allies she has known how to find, strangles the Anglo-Saxon Navy, England and America will regret the dirty trick they played on us at Washington. But it will be too late. I'll say no more! That's how I think. And it's true!" Exit abashed interviewer, reflecting, nevertheless, that his lecturer was by no means alone, in high places in France, in holding such bitter views—and hopes.

THE LAUNCH OF "MARSEILLAISE": A new 7,700-ton French cruiser built under the 1931–32 programme and due to be commissioned sometime next year. It is at present being fitted out on the Loire

But, of course, Farrère was talking through his Corvette cap as regards the paucity and poverty of the current French Fleet. True enough, these forces had fallen from a pre-war total tonnage of nearly a million to a mere 300,000 tons at Washington time—main reason being that by agreement we kept the seas while France concentrated nine-tenths of her effort on land, but the aggregate figure is up again now to 700,000 tons, indicating a growth of 400,000 tons of modern stuff all built in the past fourteen years, and the expansion goes on only with increasing momentum. One has but to quote M. Piétri, present Minister of Marine, to put M. Farrère right out of court:—

"In rebuilding our Fleet, we first considered submarines, indispensable guardian of our undefended coasts, then torpedo-boats and destroyers, then there were light cruisers to attend to, finally, we have come to battle cruisers. I make bold to say that France can be satisfied with the abundant work of these recent years. Perfect homogeneity gives added value to the Fleet. We have the most powerful submarine fleet in the world. Our destroyers are the fastest, and as for our cruisers, the trials of the *Marseillaise* (this summer at Brest) give us reason to hope that she and her five sister ships will establish unequalled speed records." (These vessels, of 7,720 tons, length 590 ft., develop 84,000 h.p. and have a complement of twenty-eight officers, 580 men. They will carry nine guns of 152 mm. in three-triple turrets, eight 90 mm. anti-aircraft guns, four torpedo tubes, and a catapult from which to project four seaplanes. Speed thirty-two knots. It is hoped they will atone for the 10,000-ton cruisers of the Foch type, built some years ago and now referred to as "magnificent yachts" on account of the subsequent arrival of the German 10,000-ton "pocket battleships.")

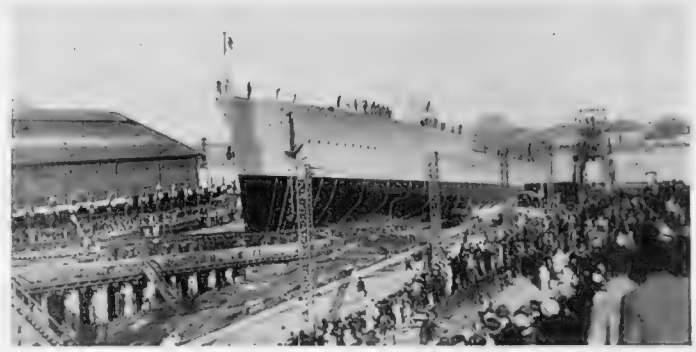
Discussing the vote for two 35,000-ton vessels, M. Piétri continued:—

"The capital ship has survived the controversy over its usefulness because it can be adapted to meet new dangers and because it remains the most effective naval weapon of offence and defence. Aircraft cannot yet be substituted for it; their fragility, lack of seaworthiness, their limited range of action, their helplessness in foggy weather make this impossible. Indeed, there are two types of ship whose place aircraft can never take: the submarine, which can pass from one element to another, and the battleship, which can be made able to withstand any hammering. The very development of aviation, therefore, makes it necessary to build capital ships. It is not even true that aerial forces are less expensive than a battle squadron. Aircraft sufficient to carry out the same duties would cost two or three times as much."

As these are all very recent utterances of the second of modern Frenchmen to consecrate himself to rebuilding France's Navy (the other was M. Leygues who died in 1932), one makes no apology for quoting M. Piétri still further, especially as what he next said was not spoken with Italy in mind—this January's Mediterranean understanding with Mussolini still running at the time—but was clearly actuated by thought of Albion:—

"France seeks friendships but rejects tutelage. Her impenitent logic suggests that the best way to keep her friends is to remain their equal. We have not passed the low-water mark of our requirements. We are a good second among the colonial Powers; Nature has enclosed us between two separate oceans. No consideration prevails against these hard facts. Is it not the irrefutable argument of necessity which, even more than respect for tradition and prestige, justifies the size of Britain's immense fleet? I do not know what the morrow may bring but my present aim continues to be to increase the French Fleet. The growth and speeding-up of our naval programme depend on the will of Parliament and not on the quarrels of diplomacy."

M. Piétri may be a little out in his challenging thesis—France is no island and, in the fact, hardly requires to import a blessed thing save oil fuel—yet what concerns ourselves, above argument, is that the French Fleet, as developed despite Washington, is to-day the second newest and second best found in the world (only Japan leading it in modern units) and that the intention is to press on with its further extension, notably in the bigger ships. One effect is that Brest, after being sunk in lethargy since everything passed to Toulon in the early 'twenties (in view of the Duce's then menace to France) is already reappearing as the active and puissant port it was in the days before 1914. If things are generally moving in the naval realm—and how this is so — the Republic intends to be entirely in the motion picture. The circumstances may not be adequately appreciated yet in England: of this new, slap-up Navy coming into being at our gates in room of a Fleet we had long ceased to consider as other than an entirely non-challenging entity. France intends to shift for herself, to rely upon her own strong keels, such is the spoken keynote. Indeed, matters go further. France declines thus far



ENTERING HER ELEMENT: The new 7,700-ton cruiser, *Gloire*, leaving the slipway at Bordeaux when she was launched recently in the presence of a large crowd. She is designed for a speed of 32 knots

NAVAL PUBLICIST: M. Claude Farrère, an ex-officer and novelist, who claims somewhat bitterly that the Washington Treaty of 1921 was nothing less than "a surrender by France to the Anglo-Saxons"

EIGHT-INCH GUNS: The deck of another turrets and the anti-aircraft battery.

ALTHOUGH France signed the Washington Naval Disarmament Treaty, limiting the size of cruisers to a maximum displacement of 10,000 tons, with no guns of more than 8-in. calibre, she refused to be bound by the Treaty of London which applied quotas to cruiser construction and has built up a remarkably fine fleet. After the war, bearing in mind certain German "tip and run" raids which were successful, and the manner in which

even to acquaint us with what she intends to build or do between this and 1942. She is being very self-contained, and whether she is building against Germany, Italy, or ourselves can at this stage only be deduced. What transformation!

At present the French Navy ranks fourth, after ourselves, the U.S., and Japan. It is listed under the following three categories:—

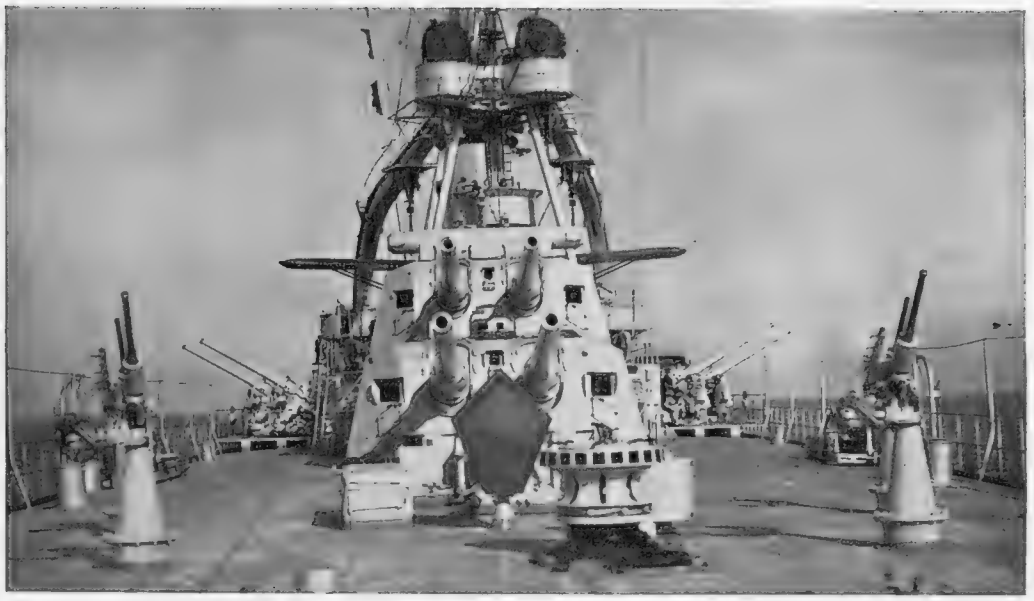
Metropolitan High Sea Forces—Two squadrons, one based, generally speaking, on Toulon, with Admiral Mouget in command (he would be C.-in-C. in any trouble), the other based on Brest under Admiral Darlan. The Toulon fleet is composed of three battleships, eight cruisers, one aircraft carrier, six divisions of destroyers or torpedo-boats, one squadron of submarines, three squadrons of seaplanes. Brest has three battleships, two cruisers, one aircraft carrier, six divisions of destroyers or torpedo-boats, two squadrons of submarines, three squadrons of seaplanes.

Coastal Forces—composed chiefly of aircraft, submarines, and light unities operating in conjunction with powerful land batteries and A.A. defences at the big ports.

Overseas Naval Forces—(*a*) Far East squadron (one cruiser, four *avisos*, ten gunboats); (*b*) Naval Division of the Levant (strength determined by events—at present it has been reinforced to take on Red Sea): (*c*) Colonial light cruisers in the Pacific, Indian Ocean, Carribbean, Newfoundland; (*d*) Training-Cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc* which goes half-way round the world once a year.

These joint forces total about 63,000 personnel made up of 58,490 ratings and "grades subalternes" 2,278 officers, and a regiment of Marines. The naval Budget for 1935 rose to

(Continued on p. 316)



A FRENCH CRUISER'S FORMIDABLE ARMAMENT: A scene on the deck of one of the 10,000-ton ships of the Suffren class, showing the after 8-ins. gun turrets, the anti-aircraft battery of 1 pounders, and (*right and left in background*) a powerful battery of "seventy-fives" alongside the superstructure

cruiser of the Suffren class showing the fore Note the range-finder halfway up the superstructure

SINGLE LINE AHEAD: A squadron of 10,000-ton Washington cruisers taking part in exercises. The French Navy, especially the faster ships, is now putting in more time at sea than ever before and, in consequence, is gaining considerably in efficiency

BUILDING-UP A FRENCH CRUISER FLEET

By F. C. BOWEN

the French Navy had contrived to carry out many cruiser duties with destroyers while the German Fleet was kept in check, there was a tendency towards building a class of cruiser which depended entirely on its speed for protection and which has come to be known as the "tinclad" among the world's navies. *Lamotte-Picquet*, *Duguay-Trouin*, and *Primouguet* were the three ships designed under this policy before the Washington Treaty was signed, ships of 7,250 tons with a battery of eight 6·1-in. high velocity guns of remarkable quality, and a speed of over 33 knots—then regarded as phenomenal—but no armour protection whatever. These ships proved themselves excellent sea-boats, but the fact that they had no protection has always been against them, and the French themselves have been rather at a loss as to how best to use them. One is flagship of the French fleet in the Far East and the other two are working with the destroyers and fast unarmoured craft.

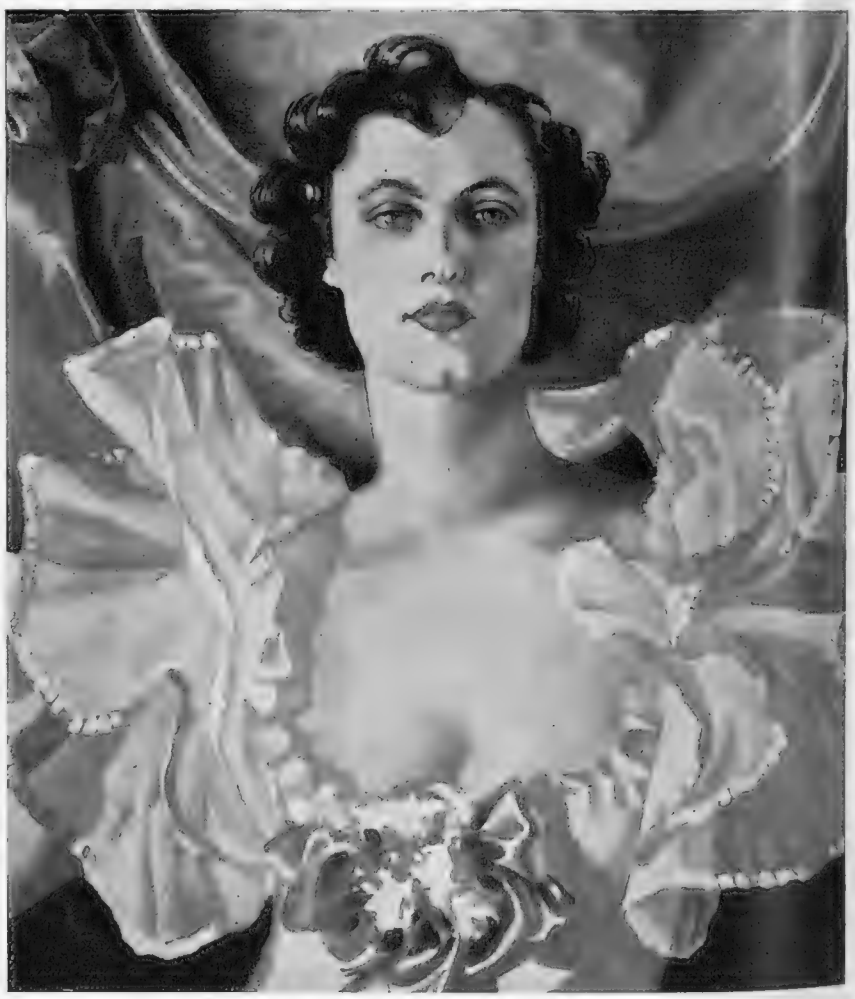
Although the "tinclad" principle was condemned even in France, the paper qualities of these ships, especially with regard to speed, had their influence when the Washington type of cruiser came to be designed under the treaty of that name, in which the maximum laid down very speedily became the minimum, as is the habit with such international instruments. The first Washington cruisers, *Duquesne* and *Tourville*, had the maximum displacement of 10,000 tons and the maximum battery of 8-in. guns, of which they mounted eight, but whereas their British contemporaries were content with a speed of about 31½ knots. they were

(Continued on p. 316)

LADY PLUNKET, BY SIMON ELWES, R.P.: A distinguished Society portrait painter's study of the wife of the sixth Baron Plunket. Elwes is one of the most successful of the younger school of artists, and he has enjoyed a rapidly growing reputation since first exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1927. He studied at the Slade School and in Paris

WENDY HILLER by THOMAS C. DUGDALE, R.P.

NANCY by WALTER WEBSTER, R.P.



MRS. DAVID HENEAGE: An example of the art of Anna Zinkeisen, typifying the semi-stylised effect that gives her work such exceptional distinction

□

BRITISH PORTRAITURE

A Gallery of Feminine Studies at the 1935 Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in Piccadilly

MRS. GOODING by FLEETWOOD WALKER, R.O.I.

MRS. P. FELLOWES, BY THOMAS CANTRELL DUGDALE, R.P. : The wife of Air Commodore Peregrine Fellowes, the leader of the Houston Everest Flight in 1933. The artist is one of the most brilliant of contemporary portraitists, and his work is to be seen in many provincial and other galleries, including Manchester, Leicester, and Liverpool

MRS. CHARLES A. CARTWRIGHT : A portrait by W. B. E. Ranken, R.I., R.O.I., a Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Oil Colours

KYRA by OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P.

DESERT TRANSPORT: A tractor hauling a boat across country to Baghdad for use on the River Tigris

SUEZ OR THE SYRIAN DESERT?

An Alternative Route with Great Potentialities

THE Suez Canal, we frequently suppose, is the one fragile link which keeps East and West in close communication. Its vital importance, not only to ourselves, but to all European nations, is of course apparent and any outbreak of hostilities along the Red Sea shores, or protective manœuvres thereabouts, can only increase anxiety for the safety of a waterway which, it is generally supposed, must be held inviolable at all costs. But since the opening of this international canal in 1869, Oriental countries have been brought nearer by other routes. Last year over 30,000 travellers made the Damascus—Baghdad overland crossing, and the present nervous tension throughout the Near East accounts for an even greater movement of traffic into the Syrian desert than conditions there have hitherto permitted.

At a time when the tea clippers were sailing home from India by way of the Cape, and a breach of that strip of territory which divides the Red Sea from the Mediterranean was an extravagant dream, expeditions were examining the possibilities of a highway which would connect the Syrian and Palestine coasts with the Persian Gulf.

GUARDIANS OF THE DESERT: Men of the Camel Police Force, one of whose duties is to protect the Damascus-Baghdad bus route from bandits. As a result travel in Syria is now comparatively safe

In 1835 Colonel Chesney, supported by the British Government of the day, was navigating the Euphrates with two of the earliest steamships to be sent East. His object was to see how far upstream a boat could go. But a hurricane, which swept the river, swamped the colonel's boats, destroying much of the equipment and causing the death of a number of the crew.

These early attempts to develop transport on the ancient rivers of Mesopotamia were doomed to failure. The only craft suited to make safe voyages were the *gufas*, basin-shaped tubs resembling the coracles of ancient Britain. These boats are coated with bitumen, and even now are commonly used by natives dwelling along the Tigris banks.

To-day, no one seriously considers river transport, unless it be those Arab boys, who, during floods, have been known to carry messages from Mosul to Baghdad in two days' riding inflated goatskins for over 250 miles. Instead, lorry and motor transport has reduced the time for a journey across the Syrian desert to one-twentieth of that taken by river rafts or camel caravan.

Twice weekly the convoy which carries passengers and mails from Baghdad to Beyrouth makes the trip in either direction. In summer the heat is often intense (120 deg. Fahr. in the hypothetical shade). The spring has its dust storms—a particularly severe one descended on Baghdad last March, leaving several inches of fine sand in the streets and on houses. The best time then, for travelling through Syria is during the coming months when the visitor to Babylon and the Mesopotamian plain finds the climate most equable and, with the return from Europe of archæologists, more reliable information as to the past of these countries becomes available.

GUFAS: Two quaint craft employed on the Tigris. They are clumsy to manage but will carry as many as thirty people

The journey westwards starts at Baghdad Air-port and the big silver painted coach is timed to leave at six a.m. I arrived there ten minutes before the hour. After a short delay while we waited for Mrs. Yassin Pasha al Hashimi, wife of the present Prime Minister of Iraq, and her daughter who happened to be returning to her studies at the American University in Beyrouth, we skirted the landing ground and headed for Khan Nucta.

Forty miles from Baghdad the Euphrates is crossed. A little farther on a stop is made at the Ramadi "rest house." Then, with monotonous insistence, the long drive along the southern boundary of a triangle of waterless desert, which reaches its apex at a point half-way between Mosul and Aleppo, begins.

One relapes into a comfortable sliding leather chair to endure the glare of brown dunes or read a paper, clipped to the seat in front. Towards the middle of the morning the heat and drone of engine and ventilators have put a majority of the passengers to sleep. But a succession of roughs and ridges, or the stony ground which, now and again, is encountered, jostles everyone awake. The driver leaves the usual track, marked only by the wheel-hardened sand of previous journeys, and deviates into virgin desert. Looking through the windows—double glass panes prevent the penetration of sand and dust—it seems that there is little to guide him and that in a single inattentive moment the track might be missed and regained only with the greatest difficulty. But a steady motion indicates that the going is again good and that the two men on the front seats lost nothing by several years' desert service with armoured cars.

Some one asks for a glass of water. It is drawn from a refrigerator which carries a quarter of a ton of ice, and is served in a cardboard cup. Everyone is reminded that a little water would be a good idea. The tap is kept running for several minutes. One or two passengers daubing eau-de-cologne and another who has a bottle of cognac give a friendly atmosphere.

"What about lunch?" asks a lady sitting at the back.

"Certainly, if you're ready," says Mr. Norman Nairn. He has come to accompany Mrs. Yassin Pasha al Hashimi as far as Rutbah Wells. "But we usually eat by the burnt-out lorry—about an hour ahead."

We stopped alongside a mass of charred and twisted wreckage and got out of the bus to stretch our legs and examine the remains of the lorry.

The open air is best avoided on a desert picnic so we returned to our seats for the lunch packets which are provided free to passengers.

There were meat sandwiches, eggs, cucumbers, and fruit, the more digestible for a few facts about "the world's largest motor coach" which I had, between mouthfuls, from Mr. Nairn.

The vehicle is the only one of its kind in existence. It is 68 ft. long and is divided into two compartments. It contains twelve Pullman and nineteen 1st class seats. Luggage racks carry over a ton, and storage for two tons more is provided at the front and rear. At sunset we reached Rutbah Wells where the desert fortress, 200 miles from anywhere, is picketed by smart Arab units in khaki and flowing red headdresses.

Rutbah is a desert outpost where air and motor ways converge. It has a wireless station and a little colony of military and political officers. Despite, though, the 250-mile journey which separates them from Damascus they are not lonely. The fort is regarded as a half-way house, a good "pull-up" for desert travellers.

There were people here waiting to see that one got a good wash. Outside, on a verandah, tables were laid for a five-course dinner. There was no bread, except the flap-jack Arab variety, so would we mind having biscuits instead. No bread! Yet there was soup, fish, entree, sweet, and coffee, and a wealth of attentiveness which would have compensated for far more serious deficiencies.

Back in the coach the lights were dimmed, and, as we rode comfortably on at a steady 35 m.p.h., the difficulties of the Iraq Petroleum Company in laying their pipe-line, which runs only ten miles west of Rutbah, seemed a little remote.

We are tired—lights went out and blinds were drawn. And so we slept until, at sunrise next morning there were the olive orchards on the fringe of Damascus. There were the well-nourished French policemen and the Syrian hotel touts whose geniality is stirred to venom by a touch of the cold shoulder. And there was that familiar look about shops, where "antiques" and souvenirs come from the same Western source as at Port Said.

THE DAMASCUS TO BAGHDAD BUS: The largest of its kind in the world—a monster vehicle 68 ft. long and containing accommodation for twelve Pullman and nineteen first-class passengers. There is room for 3 tons of luggage and cargo

TRAMPING TO MAKALE

BUILDING THEIR WAY THROUGH TIGRÉ: With the occupation of Makale, the invasion of Northern Ethiopia advanced a stage farther, but prior to the next move forward a vast army of engineers set to work establishing communications, their main object being to link Adowa with the captured city by a road capable of bearing heavy transport lorries. The men pictured here are engaged in excavating a hillside and in preparing the foundations of the new highway. It will be noted that they are all Italians as this is a task for which the Askaris (native troops) are not physically suited

INFANTRY ON THE MARCH: Troops going forward to Makale, the capture of which makes the Italians masters of the greater part of the province of Tigrè. During this advance the men did not encounter the same hardships as on the way to Adowa and Adigrat last month, the heat being less intense, the country more open, and the food and water supplies much more regular. The improvement in the last-named directions was particularly marked

ITALIAN ARTILLERY ON THE TIGRÉ FRONT

Covering the Advance to Makale from the Aksum-Adigrat Line

A FIELD BATTERY PREPARE
picture, showing *(above on t*
position in order to cover th

GENERAL BIROLI'S SNIPERS IN ACTION: When the Italian troops began to ascend the mountain tracks leading to Makale, they were met by heavy fire from numerous Abyssinian machine guns which had been trained on the obligatory points of passage. As depicted here, however, Italian outposts were also stationed in strategic positions and were able to assist their comrades' advance

Italian native troops with mo
tain guns, and in the dista
a battery of 120-mm. field g

RES TO BOMBARD THE CAPITAL OF TIGRÉ: A composite *(left)* a 120-mm. gun being loaded, and *(above)* being dragged into the advance of General Biroli's troops on the town of Makale. As Ras Seyoum's forces withdrew after putting up only a brief resistance, the guns did not on this occasion play a very important part. Up to the moment of writing the campaign has been remarkably devoid of incident, but it is now thought that the Abyssinians are preparing to make a determined stand

noun-
tance
guns

ASKARI GUNNERS

KINGS of the IRON ROAD:

A VETERAN DRIVER OF A MODERN TRAIN: Arthur Taylor in the cab of the *Silver Link*, the L.N.E.R.'s record-breaking engine which draws the Silver Jubilee train on its London–Newcastle run

AT some time or another every small boy worth his salt has wanted to be an engine driver. The extraordinary thing is that over 32,000 have had the pertinacity to achieve their ambition. If anybody had asked me how many engine drivers I imagined there were in the country I should have guessed some figure like 2,000. Wouldn't you? As a matter of fact the London and North-Eastern Railway alone has over 10,000; the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway has over 12,000; and the Great Western and Southern Railways have over 9,000 between them. Mind you, that includes every kind of engine driver—those on shunting engines, freight trains, and slow locals. But there are over sixty express trains included in the 1935 winter services which run regularly on five or more days each week at average speeds of sixty miles an hour or more from start to stop.

When you have read this you will be able to tell any small boy who wants to be an engine driver just what it involves. To begin with, he will have to pass a very rigorous physical examination. His eye test in particular will be very exacting. Incidentally, these eye tests are periodic all through his career. He will start as an engine cleaner in the locomotive department at 24s. a week. Here he will study the locomotive in all branches, attending various classes and making himself acquainted with various types. Having passed an examination he will after a year or two rise to be a fireman on a shunting engine. For this he will receive 57s. a week for two years. He will then fire a freight engine, learning "the road" and the signals. After ten years of this he will be earning 72s. a week, and should have graduated to the job of being a fireman on a passenger train. After a further period of this job he will be wanting his "ticket" and, in fact, his own engine. To do this he must pass another examination and have further eyesight tests. He will then be put in charge of a shunting engine. He will then be promoted gradually through the service by way of freight trains, slow passenger trains, until finally he may become an express driver. At this stage his salary will be £4 10s. a week, with extra pay for any mileage over 140 miles on an eight-hour day. This is worked out at the rate of 15 m.p.h. after 140 miles. Thus Bishop of the *Royal Scot*, which covers 299¼ miles non-stop, earns over two days' pay in that one run.

CHRISTENING AT EUSTON: Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe on the step of a new giant L.M.S. express locomotive after naming it *British Legion* and breaking a bottle of champagne over it. On the left is Sir Josiah Stamp, chairman of the Company

STEEL GIANTS ON PARADE: Locomotives being prepared for the day's work at King's Cross—a task that takes about four hours

LANDMARKS BY THE TRACK: The driver of this, the Southern Railway's luxury train, the *Golden Arrow*, will memorise such features as this row of trees

You will have to explain to your youngster that to be an engine driver means almost complete insulation from the public. The engine driver books on at the locomotive depot, which is tucked away down a side street or across railway allotments, often two hours before the starting time of his train. He looks on the notice board to see whether any signals have been moved, whether any water troughs have been altered, and whether any other change has been made on the permanent way. He then sees that a nice fire has been made for the engine allocated to him, which he will then prepare. There are 270 component parts in a railway engine, of which he inspects 180. He is allowed a complete hour to see that everything is in running order, all told an engine takes four hours from cold to start. Meantime the cleaners have cleaned his engine; another man has loaded the coal; another has raised the steam; stores have been drawn; headlamps and oil are all in readiness. Then the foreman at the yard whistles him away, and off he goes from the siding on to the running lines, and begins his day's work by backing down to the end of the platform. Here he seldom sees anyone except a group of boys anxious for his autograph, or an inspector who says "right away George."

The signals unfold in front of him on his journey, which sometimes is there and back and sometimes one way. In the latter event, having completed the journey, he is either relieved by another engine driver or turns his engine over to the depot, where it is put away. He then will probably cook his own dinner in the Company's hostel—all crack engine drivers are crack cooks—and he goes to an early bed before booking on for the return trip.

It is evident, therefore, that the engine driver leads a life of really Splendid Isolation, with eight tons of coal between him and the rest of the world when on the job, and for the rest of the time even more remote from the public. Of course, he has his fireman with him, but that is all. In any event he has to concentrate entirely on his job. He must naturally never begin to entertain the idea that he could ever become the slightest bit sleepy. He must remember that safety is his first consideration. He must watch the road, the load, the weather, and his fireman. He must keep an eye on the steam gauge, the vacuum gauge, and the heating apparatus gauge—the guard at the end of the train always insists on being kept warm in the winter. He must remember that if somebody pulls the communication cord he must never stop his train on a viaduct or at a junction. He must never in any circumstances pass a signal when it is set at "danger." He must also keep an eye on his watch and estimate accurately the pace at which he is going. He must calculate to a nicety the retarding effect of any wind, remembering that a side wind blowing against the whole length of the train slows him up more even than a head

Life on the Footplate Described

By CHARLES GRAVES

wind. If the metals are slippery from frost after rain he must know the exact moment when to drop the sand to give the wheels a greater purchase. Above all, he must know every inch of the road. At night, on particular stretches of the road in the winter, there is always a probability of ground mist or even fog. He will have his own pet landmarks such as a little white house on a hill, or a group of particularly tall trees (every engine driver has his special recognition points on any given stage), so that he always knows exactly where he is, even in a snow-storm, when the window of his cabin is almost completely obscured. He will also know the sounds of the road and be able to distinguish every individual noise that his engine and the train behind him are making. Except in fog, he will always endeavour to keep up to time, making a "first-class stop" whenever possible.

Now meet driver Bishop of the *Royal Scot*. He is one of the crack men who drive the Princess Royal type. He has had the honour of driving the King on three different occasions—the highest ambition of every engine driver. Driver Bishop has the clear blue eyes of the man who is used to looking into distances. He never has a drink nor even a mouthful of food while on his job, which, as I have said, is on the Euston to Carlisle stretch.

In his spare time he does exactly what you might suspect an engine driver in charge of so much mechanical horse power would do. He goes to horse races.

He is now in his fortieth year of service with the London Midland and Scottish Railway, and again, like almost every crack engine driver, his chief ambition in life is to go round the world in a steamship. Driver Bishop knows every bit of the road from London to Carlisle and Liverpool. He learned it by firing over portions of the road in his early days, and afterwards by riding on the footplate of an engine being driven by a colleague. It takes several weeks riding up and down continuously before a conscientious driver feels satisfied that he knows every inch of the road.

At any given moment he could enumerate for you every signal (which is known as a board), every level crossing, every occupational crossing, junction, station, and other detail of the line, in correct sequence throughout the run from London to Carlisle, and from Liverpool to London which he also covers.

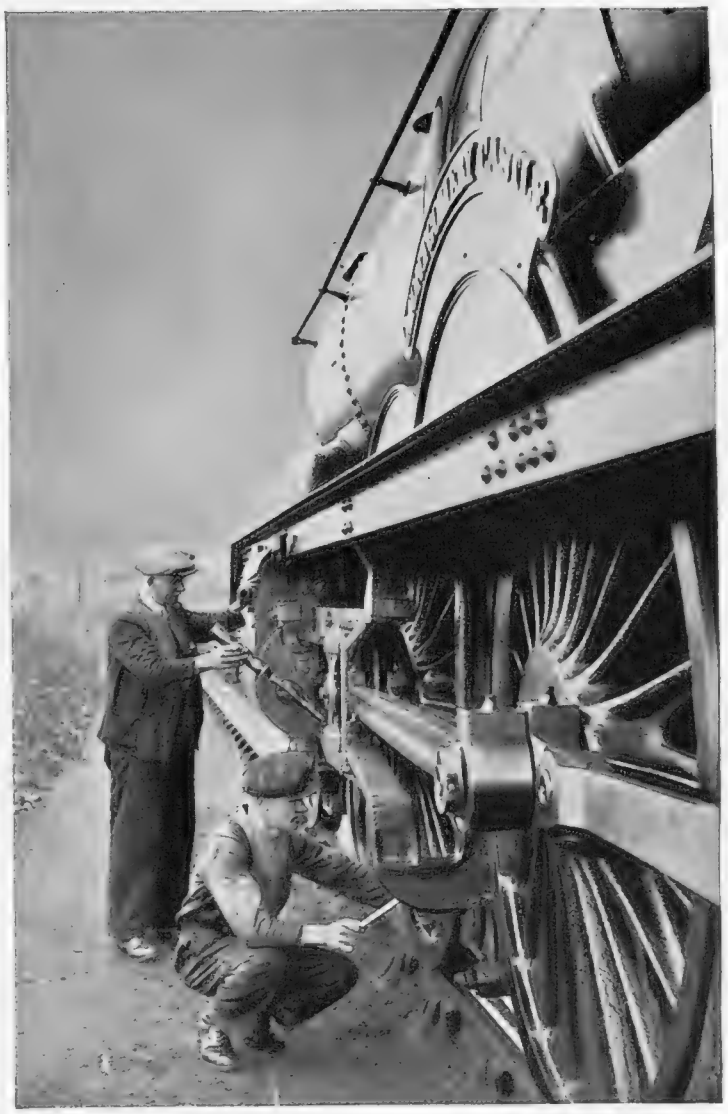
"Naturally it takes a long time to learn the road" he told me. "At Rugby, for example, at a given point, there are forty-four railway signals on one gantry and yet only two of them affect you if you are doing my trip. Preston is even more complicated. In the ordinary way I start to slacken speed about four miles from Euston or Carlisle, but it is quite easy to make a first class stop in a mile if you are a bit behind your schedule and want to make up a couple of minutes. Since the train times have been tightened up you really have your work cut out to be punctual. Formerly I always had two or three minutes up my sleeve, and it is funny that the train always seems to run much more sweetly if you have even a single minute in hand.

"Some drivers knock spots off their engines when there is a heavy wind against them, and yet even if you work the old lady hard there is no reason why you should thrash her. Though you are allotted an hour in which to inspect your engine before starting, I personally always get to mine two hours before it is time to start.

"Every engine driver has an equal chance at the beginning of reaching the top of his profession. Those who fail can usually blame themselves. I have only once been stopped by the pulling of a communication cord. That was done by an old party who found she had got into the wrong train.

"In the winter you can often be very hot in front and feel very cold in the small of your back, and several engine drivers have had rheumatism in their time. Personally I have been lucky. The footplate can also get very slippery. The best thing to do is always to keep away from the job if you do not feel absolutely fighting fit. In view of the extra pay for extra mileage I work only four or five days a week, but make over seven days' pay.

"One final thing. I am always reading about Mr. J. H. Thomas having been an express engine driver. Do you know, sir, whether he ever did anything more than be in charge of a shunting engine?"



THE G.W.R.'S RECORD BREAKER: Making final adjustments to the *Cheltenham Flyer* before the start of a run. It can do the seventy-seven miles from Swindon to Paddington in just over one hour

DRIVER BISHOP: One of the crack men on the footplate of the *Princess Royal* engine of the London, Midland and Scottish. He has had the honour of driving the King on three occasions, and is now in his fortieth year of service with the Company

GETTING READY FOR THE NORTHWARD RUN: The driver of the *Royal Scot* oiling his engine before leaving Euston. He is allotted exactly an hour to see that everything is in order

NOVEMBER GLORY

"When Autumn—Passing—Paints the Landscape as She Goes"

AT this time of the year the trees seem to present themselves as rivals in their beauty, each one alight with its own radiance. Beside the copse the great oak glows in orange, flaming into red-gold about its summit as the rays of the late-rising sun touch upon it.

Nearby the beeches burn with a deeper fire, in shades of bronze and rust-red. And across the field the birch trees—fragile and elegant—drip fine gold from every twig and branch.

Thus is the country world filled with a glory of enchanting colour, where saffron and deep amber, garnet-red and russet, and the rare, lingering green all intermingle and shade into a thousand variations.

Of the bird voices there is always something to be heard. The nuthatch chants his short call as he patrols his favoured trees. He appears to be highly cheerful, despite the fact that in one aspect this has not been a prolific season for him, for the nut harvest has been a poor one. Fortunately he has other stores to draw upon, and an autumn rich in berries and insect life has filled up every void.

THE SPIDER'S PATIENT ART: These delicate webs overlying a furze bush near Lowestoft marshes are really nests and are full of hosts of tiny spiders

This brings him much satisfaction, as also to the many tits that now re-populate their usual haunts, and break into the quiet of these autumnal days. Shrill and sweet their voices sound as they pipe about the tree-tops, and clatter endless infinitesimal cups and saucers; and, seemingly, break endless faery crockery, as they hustle through their business of the day.

The marsh tit more rarely makes his appearance on the scene, but on occasion he hurries past and tenders—as it would seem—household advice to his friends up in the tree-tops.

"Stew it!" he says decidedly, as he hastens onward. And, as he disappears, he shouts imploringly, "Stew it—Oh, do stew it!" Soon he has reached his goal—the pine-wood where he delights to play amongst the firs, and where he knows that he will meet with some few of his own kind.

And as they move about the branches the tiny creatures will scarcely be seen amongst the shadows, in their sombre-hued plumage.

They are as all the tits, inclined towards sociability, and they often join in with the parties that range about the countryside.

But even so they like to isolate themselves at times, and wander in solitude, or with a chosen friend, more often than any other of their family. The cole tits resemble these birds in that they, too, wear a glossy black hood, but in their case the neat, small headdress has a light dividing line at the back. Meanwhile the great spotted woodpecker is travelling through the woods, where at infrequent intervals his abrupt clipping note can be heard. Lost amid the riot of colour that has spread itself across the landscape he is far less noticeable than at other times, for his plumage is striking in its handsome black and white, touched with crimson, and so well set off by the little crimson cap he wears so jauntily.

He is quick to notice if he is under observation; and when this occurs he hastily slips round his tree trunk; thus interposing it between himself and the annoyance of being watched whilst at his varied occupations. He performs much good and useful work about the wooded places; and, although they are not very numerous, he and his fellows form a marked feature of the countryside. And the missel thrushes snort in harsh undertones as they pass above the woodpecker, a small party of six intent on reaching the pleasant playground of the five-acre meadow. Their name is derived from a supposed liking for the berries of the mistletoe; this liking is however something of a dubious point, and the name in consequence scarcely appropriate.

Here and there traces of the busy woodmouse are to be discovered upon the ground. Beneath a leaf there lies an empty nutshell which has been pierced by a large circular hole. There is no doubt as to whose work this is, for this small personage has an exact and tidy mind, and with exactitude he puts a nice finish to his undertaking.

He has chiselled out a perfect round—the edges trimmed with care—his method offering the greatest of contrasts to the handiwork of the untidy squirrel, whose sole desire appears to consist in obtaining the fruit with the least possible delay. And therefore he bites and tears fiercely at his nut to break it open. Then, when this is

WHITE-EARED PERSIAN BULBULS: This species of bird is extremely difficult to breed in Europe, and the above specimens, belonging to Mr. Frank W. Dugdale of Sunderland, are said to be the first to be reared since 1922

(*Continued on p. 316*)

The British Dancing Girl in Paris

Our Most Charming Export Commodity

IF I were to tell you that the Bank of England retains the services of fifty revue dance girls, you would not believe me, and you might be right; if I were to tell you that the Bank of France does the same, you would still not believe me, but you would be wrong.

The British dance girl is certainly the most charming commodity that we export, and she has a genuine claim to figure on the credit side of the national balance of payments because she is in keener demand than ever all over Western Europe. No Parisian revue is complete without "Les Girls," while compete for her services the Riviera, Brussels, Geneva, Madrid, *and* the Bank of France. And thereby hangs a tale.

PIROUETTE: Doris Niles, the only American among a troupe of sixty British dancers now engaged in Paris

I notice, when from time to time I open my paper at the wrong page by mistake, that all financial writers refer mysteriously to "interests." I have discovered why since I began wanting to tell you this tale, but that is quite another story, perhaps for another time. Anyway, the Bank of France has for some years been interested in certain interests which, through a network of uninteresting subsidiaries and holding companies, are interested in the employment of many British dance girls. This is one of the most delicious Parisian discoveries that I have made for many years, and every time I meet a distinguished, silver-haired, and entirely respectable old gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a director of the Bank, I enquire tenderly after his bevy of British dance girls.

Why are they British and not French? "Nowadays the public expects perfection in carrying out original dance effects; smoothness of movement, precision, and lilting, syncopated rhythm," I was told. "It all looks very easy when you sit comfortably enjoying it from the stalls but, let me tell you, it is the result of expert training, long hours of *really* hard work in patient rehearsal, and it requires perfect physique. French girls have neither the training, the physique, nor the will to work. Americans have the physique and the will, but they shine better in individual numbers than in team work."

What are they like—these little English girls dancing for the delight of men in foreign lands? They are recruited from every walk of life. I found the charming sister of an Oxford contemporary of mine amongst the charming daughters of respectable tradesmen and of sound middle-class families; I found cheery Cockneys, buxom lasses and winsome Colleens with rich accents and brogues. Some are sprightly; some languid; few save; most live for the day; their one characteristic in common is robust health, without which they could not stand the life for a month—for they work hard, these girls.

Take those who do four shows a day, seven days a week (five on Sunday) with a weekly change of programme at a luxury Paris cinema. Virtually they cannot leave the theatre from 10 a.m. till 1 a.m.; rehearsals for the following week's programme begin at 10, while the first show is about 3 p.m. On the day of the new show they are *in the theatre by 6 a.m.* Saturdays and Mondays are the only days when they do not begin work before 3 p.m. Don't forget, either, that revue dancing is strenuous physical exercise. Half of them do, in addition, an entirely different show in another theatre, which means rushing in a charabanc between theatres to do eight shows a day as follows: Theatre A 2.40 p.m., Theatre B 3.25 p.m., A 5.05 p.m., B 5.57 p.m., A 7.35 p.m., B 8.29 p.m., A 10.10 p.m., B 11 p.m., *plus the usual rehearsals!* And on Sundays two extra shows. It is only fair to add that these particular girls volunteered for the double shift and get double pay. But just remember these facts and figures the next time you see a cinema dance show and be indulgent in your criticism and generous in your applause. Your applause is really all they have to live for. Board and lodging account for about 200 francs of their average weekly wage of 450 francs (about £5) and the rest is soon spent on clothes, hairdressers, cigarettes, and tips.

Ambitions for stardom welled high in these girls' hearts when, mostly between the ages of fifteen to seventeen, they got their first jobs: but vacancies for stars are few and far between and beyond the possession of twinkling feet, a good speaking and singing voice and "acting" personality are wanted. By the age of twenty-one most dance girls know that they will never be stars.

AN AMERICAN IMPRESARIO: Francis A. Mangan, who supplies the theatres and cinemas of many of the European capitals with British dancers

"Why do you stick this grind, then?" I asked one.

"Well, quite a lot of us get married before we're twenty-five and retire from the business, you know. And then, after all, the life is exciting. We move from Paris to the Riviera and to Madrid, and when we're in a theatre, as opposed to a cinema, we only do evenings and matinées."

Being English and undemonstrative, she did not add another powerful reason; the glamour of the footlights and the intoxication of grease paint, but they exist and are real; and the romantic little supper parties after the show—they are real, too.

The individual dance girl is the raw material of an important British export industry, the most representative captain of which is an American, Francis A. Mangan. If you run a theatre, music-hall, or cinema anywhere in Europe, he will quote you a price for anything from a complete revue with the most expensive stars down to a twenty-minute dance act.

With so many shows on hand, several of which have weekly changes of programme, the search for new choreographic ideas is a constant preoccupation. Mr. Mangan revealed to me that he gets a large number of subjects and colour schemes by walking round the Louvre.

If he makes his girls work, Mr. Mangan does not spare himself. He produces all his shows down to the slightest details of lighting, then turns himself into a business man to attend to publicity and contracts by long-distance telephone all over Europe, discusses far-off clients' requirements, making suggestions for their programmes, and fits in dates with a map of the Continent spread out like a chess board before him. His entire staff consists of two English ballet mistresses, a publicity manager and a secretary. Small wonder, then, that it was three weeks before I could get him alone to myself for a brief twenty minutes. It was 3.30 in the afternoon and he had had no food since breakfast at 7 a.m. Thus do they work who entertain our idle hours.

INTERLUDE: A snack before the show—British dancers in their dressing-room in a Paris theatre

Jossleyn Hennessy

SHIPPING IN DISTRESS

November Storms Once Again Harry the Coasts of Britain

MAROONED: The Trinity House vessel, *Satellite*, approaching the lonely Wolf Lighthouse, lying exactly midway between Land's End and the Scilly Isles, during a recent attempt to relieve the keepers, which was unsuccessful on account of the extremely heavy seas running at the time. This is one of the roughest places on the coasts of Britain and it is here that several important shipping lanes converge

AT THE MERCY OF WIND AND WAVE: The steamer *Skegness*, which ran aground last September, being slowly pounded to pieces at the foot of the Speeton Cliffs, near Filey, Yorkshire. It will be remembered that the entire crew of eleven lost their lives despite the efforts of three lifeboats and a rocket brigade operating from the shore

ASHORE OFF SPURN HEAD, YORKSHIRE: The lightship *Middle* which recently grounded and, as it had an automatic beam, it was found necessary to cover this up to safeguard against ships being lured off their course

STORM ON THE WELSH COAST

Sand blown on to the promenade at Barmouth by the violence of the gale—a picture taken earlier in the month when this resort experienced a spell of typical winter weather

BATTLING UPSTREAM: A heavily laden barge, with her deck awash, making slow headway in the Thames Estuary, off Southend

On left—THE TUG "JOHN PAGE" ploughing through choppy water in the Bristol Channel when going to the relief of the Hull trawler *Albionic* which had lost her steering gear and was in danger

C. L. ANTHONY'S "CALL IT A DAY" AT THE GLOBE: Breakfast time at the Hilton family's house in St. John's Wood, with homework not finished and Ann faced with a knotty mathematical problem. *Left to right*—Owen Nares, Geoffrey Nares, Fay Compton, and Alexis France

DRAMA:

FORMERLY restricted to the music-hall profession and the bars and buffets of Cockneydom, rhyming slang is now widely prevalent and almost fashionable.

I like rhyming-slang. I like its absurdity and, sometimes, the oddity of its historical development. "Round-the-'ouses" for "trousers" is obvious, and so is "tit-for-tat" for "hat." It is when the last syllable of the rhyme is dropped that the trick becomes mysterious. I will not make plain the mystery of a remark I heard made by a long-deceased comedian to his "dresser," whom he bade to "Come quick, 'cos the 'Arry's come off the Captain." That elucidation will be a test, may be an easy one, for my professional readers. But a theatrical manager of my acquaintance once asked me if I had seen his pantomime, and on learning that I had not informed me that "there's a Charles James for you whenever you want it." By which he meant a box. Why the memory of Charles James Fox, a none too reputable politician dead well over a century, should be thus strangely preserved, I do not know. Yet there it is.

Twenty-to-One, at the Coliseum should be a Charles James office draw (d'you get me?) for a long while for many reasons, one of them being a scene which is an orgy of this ingenious play-upon-words. It was good to hear that agile comedian Mr. Lupino Lane, explaining, as a racing-tout, the intricacies of his trade in a lingo utterly incomprehensible to the puritanical young man who was his companion.

From what I could gather of the plot (which is not in the least important) a section of the Anti-gambling League were holding a revivalist meeting, while a race-meeting was in progress, on the banks of the Thames—an obliging mixture of Ascot and Henley. I have seen that situation, or something like it, figure in musical-comedy from *The Belle of New York* to the "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" song in *Anything Goes*. But never before with rhyming slang and with Miss Margaret Yarde (a fine comedienne almost completely wasted) at an harmonium and in trouble with its "Ivor Novellos," *i.e.*, bellows.

For some reason Mr. Lane fought in the last act as fierce a fight as ever the late John Lawson fought in *Humanity*. Since *Twenty-to-One* is a twice-nightly show, he and his companion will surely have bumps and bruises in plenty and Sir Oswald Stoll will have to pay a heavy weekly bill for smashed furniture and plates. O, the breakage and the crockery! Yet throughout Mr. Lane is not only a knock-about comedian and nimble dancer, he gives a performance of genuinely comic merit.

Miss Joyce Barbour has to indulge in low comedy and proves that she is one of the few actresses who can do so successfully, including the playing of that dangerous card, sham drunkenness. I would, however, suggest that she is much too young and charming for the job, and the fact that the cast is far from strong in feminine allure (with a hardly noticeable *ingenue*) adds weight to my protest.

But fun is the main object of *Twenty-to-One*, and by about twenty-to-ten there was plenty of it; the first part had been a little too sedate. Mr. Billy Mayerl has written some really catchy music and what I heard of Mr. Frank Eyton's lyrics, which seemed to be suffering from poor acoustics, was both witty and pointed. Here is one of the less-spectacular Coliseum productions but by no means the least worthy or (what is more important) the least amusing.

BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE: Conscious of the fascination of his new client Beatrice Gwynne (Valerie Taylor), Roger Hilton (Owen Nares), respectable chartered accountant, tries to adopt a fatherly attitude. Another entertaining scene from *Call it a Day* at the Globe, which is quite clearly destined to be one of the successes of the season

A TCHEKOV MASTERPIECE AT THE OLD VIC.: Olga (Marie Ney), Masha (Vivienne Bennett), and Irina (Nancy Hornsby) in *The Three Sisters*, which recently started its run at the famous South London theatre and is reviewed on the opposite page

"The Tunnel."—If one is in search of a film drama to grip the heartstrings, to moisten the eyes, and to make the brain marvel at the engineering ingenuity of those who devised it, *The Tunnel*, now at the Tivoli, should be one's choice.

It is a preposterously foolish and unreasonable affair, which will not bear analysis for a moment. But it is a good entertainment, and it is exciting. It is a boring film—only in the sense that it is about boring an Atlantic tunnel, "which by drawing closer together the English-speaking peoples will ensure the peace of the world," etc., etc. Why it should, or how it could, do that we need not inquire. Why a tunnel need be bored at all, even if it could be, is another insoluble problem; for we are at some period in the future, with television in full swing, and the Atlantic being crossed by heliocopter aeroplanes (we see the hero in one) in a few hours. So why worry about a tunnel?

However, this one had to be made, and very grim the process was, because the tunnellers ran into a submarine volcano, with tragic results. The chief engineer and brain of the thing generally, one "Mac," deserted his wife and little baby boy for his work, which was blessed in the House of Commons by Mr. George Arliss as Prime Minister. About twenty years pass, and the little baby boy has grown into a nice young man who is killed in the tunnel by an explosion. But his father looks just the same, so does his mother (except that she has become blind through working in the tunnel, as a nurse), so does Mr. Leslie Banks, his mother's boy friend, and so does Miss Helen Vinson, who nearly became his father's girl friend. And when the tunnel is completed and opened to the playing of "God Save the King," and what old T. W. H. Crosland used to call "The Bar-spangled Tanner," Mr. George Arliss is still Prime Minister.

So, if ever I were asked for a recipe for keeping film blondes slim and girlish for a quarter of a century or so, for keeping feminine fashions unchanged during that period, to say nothing of a Government in office with the same unchanged and unchangeable Mr. George Arliss, with the same monocle, at the head of it, I would reply —"An Atlantic Tunnel."

CORNERED: While putting on her setting lotion Dorothy Hilton (Fay Compton) listens with growing annoyance to the feeble attempts of her husband (Owen Nares) to explain his movements in a certain actress's flat. One of the closing episodes in C. L. Anthony's new comedy

Bright Entertainment at the Coliseum : "The Tunnel"—a Film to Grip the Heartstrings, and the Price of Charm at the Whitehall

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

"Anthony and Anna."—I note that *Anthony and Anna*, at the Whitehall Theatre, has been rather widely referred to as "early St. John Ervine." I can hardly imagine a greater compliment to that distinguished author, since this gives him a classical and even an architectural status.

ST. JOHN ERVINE'S COMEDY, "ANTHONY AND ANNA," AT THE WHITEHALL: Hubert Dunwoody (Clive Morton), Jacob Penn, the millionaire (Morris Harvey), Anthony Fair (Harold Warrender), who makes a large income by exercising his social chances as a professional guest, Fred (Tom Gill), and Anna (Jessica Tandy), Mr. Penn's tempestuous but attractive daughter

THE HEROINE OF "CHILDREN IN UNIFORM" IN A NEW ROLE: Jessica Tandy, pictured here with Clive Morton, who proves her versatility by her gay interpretation of the part of the millionaire's daughter in St. John Ervine's *Anthony and Anna*. For the purpose she has temporarily adopted a most realistic American accent

One would say "early Tudor" or "early Beethoven"; but one would not say early—well, never mind just what dramatist I had in mind.

In the sense that this little play was, I understand, written some years ago, the description is correct But there is nothing jejune about it. Mr. St. John Ervine must have had a sophisticated nonage, though not a gloomy one. His Anthony Fair is the gay hero of a gay comedy who cannot, and will not, work, but can be, and insists on being, charming. He falls in love with Anna, the daughter of a self-made American millionaire, Jacob Penn, who except financially, has made rather a mess of himself.

Mr. Morris Harvey, however, makes a neat job of the part. And here I claim a diversion in order to point out that in the last two years Mr. Harvey has become an immaculate character actor, touching no part that he does not adorn to perfection; the "Follies" of youth, if not forgotten, have become stepping stones, with revue and musical comedy as a sort of first landing, to a very subtle and delicate art.

Anna Penn—I am not talking of the well-known mimic, but of the character in Mr. St. John Ervine's play, though the description may apply to both—is a delightful person. But to Anthony she is a problem, for she expects him to work. There is a deadlock, and the play might have at this point come to an end. Perhaps it does, for the author starts another one about an Australian millionaire (not such a nice fellow as the American) and the daughter of an English nobleman. An unconventional solution, but a satisfactory one, made satisfactory solely by crisp wit and unfailing sense of character. If *Anthony and Anna* is on the untidy side, the author knows how to be untidy in the right way. He is like some accomplished composer who is guilty of consecutive fifths with a deliberate view to certain effects and not like a blundering student who transgresses rules he has never properly learned. The result is refreshing, so refreshing, indeed, that one forgets that the play is dangerously thin.

Mr. Harold Warrender played Anthony with the right touch of easy gaiety. Miss Jessica Tandy's Anna is as admirable as her Ophelia was the reverse. She struggles successfully with an American accent, as does Miss Ursula Jeans in *Short Story*. Curious that at the moment the London stage should be so largely occupied with thoroughly English actresses trying to talk American and thoroughly German actresses trying to talk English. The former are the more successful. And, what is more, better actresses

DODIE SMITH AND FRIEND: The brilliant woman dramatist who writes under the name of C. L. Anthony, and who, with her new success, *Call It a Day*, maintains the formidable reputation which she built up with *Autumn Crocus* (1930), *Service* (1932), and *Touch Wood* (1934)

"The Three Sisters."—I have noticed that it is a habit among many lovers of the theatre to dismiss the plays of Tchekov as vaguely depressing, and then to wax rather facetious about them.

The popularity within recent years of *The Cherry Orchard*, in its various revivals, has done something towards modifying that attitude. Yet it still exists. The Old Vic now has *The Three Sisters* as its attraction; if that attraction differs vastly in quality from a former favourite, *Three Little Maids*, it is more abiding.

Sombre, Tchekov unquestionably is, but that is not to deny his exquisite tone; poets and musicians and painters have taken "a gray day" as their subject before now. There is no lack of purpose, and even of virility *as personages in a subtly-designed play*, of these apparently spineless folk in a remote Russian village.

Mr. Henry Cass's production and Constance Garnett's translation are alike excellent. Miss Marie Ney takes to this type of play as a duck—or perhaps I should say a swan to water, and Miss Vivienne Bennett and Miss Nancy Hornsby as her sister are second and third in an extremely close, if scarcely exciting, race. Mr. Ion Swinley returns to his old part of Vershinin with the ability one expects in this fine and versatile actor.

SHOWS TO SEE

Outstanding Successes in Theatre and Cinema

ALDWYCH: *The Dominant Sex* (12th month).

APOLLO: Marion Lorne in Walter Hackett's *Espionage*.

CARLTON: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat*.

DRURY LANE: Mary Ellis & Ivor Novello in *Glamorous Night*.

DUCHESS: Emlyn Williams, Angela Baddeley, and May Whitty in *Night Must Fall*.

LEICESTER SQUARE: Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier in *Moscow Nights*.

ST. JAMES'S: *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*.

WYNDHAM'S: Diana Wynyard in *Sweet Aloes*.

PREMIÈRE: Hazel Neilson-Terry and her mother, Mary Glynne, who were among the fashionable first-night audience at the Leicester Square Theatre when *Moscow Nights*, the new Denham film directed by Anthony Asquith, was presented for the first time

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

HALT! AND SEE WHO GOES THERE: Motorists coming from Cheam on the Brighton road to Banstead are confronted with the latest in road signs

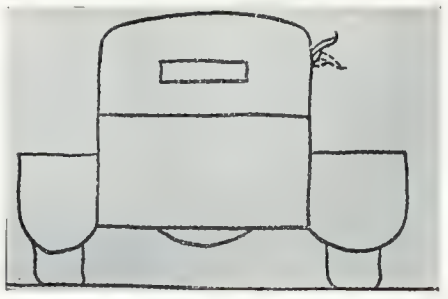
OLYMPIA sounds a long way away, in fact to many people it is even now a dim recollection. Like most motoring scribes I penned many thousands of words describing some of the exhibits, but I regret to say that there were two extremely useful and ingenious gadgets which I came across in the galleries that have previously had no attention from me. As I use both of them practically every day of my life, and having first seen them at Olympia the exhibition has not faded out of my memory as yet.

The first article is what is known as the "Flexion" legless table. I do not think it is a new invention but I had not seen it before, and I expect there are many motorists who did not notice it at Olympia last month. It would be impossible to describe this table by using two words as the manufacturers have tried to do, but I am certain that I could have chosen two different words that would have conveyed the advantages of the table more accurately than those chosen. To start with, when one of these tables is purchased and is unpacked, it gives one the impression of just a tennis bag or case, only larger. It has a strong handle, like any good suitcase, and can be carried just as easily, although it may be slightly heavier, the actual weight being about 35 lb.

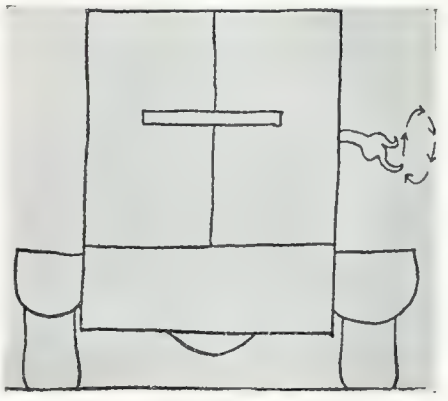
It can be easily carried in a car, or in the house it is so flat it will push under a sofa or bed. About half a minute is sufficient time to open up the table and have it ready for use. But it is more than a table, for it gives its owner four seats that are firmly attached to the table itself. From a description it might be thought that the whole article was of a flimsy nature, but such is not the case. The workmanship is good, and when erected the seats and the table are as steady as a rock. As its name implies, there are no legs, the seats themselves performing this function. The size of the table is 36 in. by 29 in., and the finish is a mottled green and black durable substance which is not affected by weather conditions. For a picnic it is difficult to imagine anything more convenient, and I would like to emphasise that it works equally well whether the ground is level or uneven.

In my own house my sitting-room is very much on the small side and there is always a great difficulty in placing four chairs round a card table. Now that I have a "Flexion" I use it whenever my guests want to have a harmless gamble. From the purely mechanical point of view it is most attractive and even if I had not occasions on which it could be used to advantage I still think I would have bought one just for the sheer delight of opening it up and closing it again for the benefit of my friends. It is not an expensive article, the price being 57s. 6d., and the manufacturers' name and address are The Flexion Legless Table Co., Ltd., 74, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1.

The second device which I ran across at Olympia was a pipe-holder for fixing on the dashboard of a car. About a year ago I saw such a holder illustrated in one of the motoring papers. Unfortunately I mislaid the copy, and although I kept my eyes open I never saw it mentioned or referred to again. When I was having the body built for my 3½-litre Bentley by Messrs. Park Ward and Co. I asked them to fit a pipe-holder, but they had to confess that they had never heard of such an article. On my wanderings round the galleries at Olympia to my great joy I found the long-sought-for gadget. It was on the stand of the Prima Company, Limited, Commercial Street, Birmingham, and to my amazement I discovered that complete it could be purchased for the very low sum of half-a-crown. It consists of a bakelite bowl with two rests, one on either side, moulded on the top lip; the one on the left would take a cigarette, whilst that on the right is provided with a metal spring clip which grips the stem of the pipe whilst the bowl of the latter fits upside down into the bowl of the holder. No ash can therefore fall out into the car, and even if the tobacco is still alight no damage can result. I believe it is manufactured in various colours, though the actual one on my car is black in order to tone in with the dashboard. There must be many drivers who, like myself, only smoke a pipe when at the wheel, and they know, like I do, how very awkward a pipe is when it has been smoked to the end, and there is no place to put it in safety. I must confess I have never seen another of these pipe-holders on a car, yet I believe that thousands of them would be sold if the motoring public knew of their existence.



SIGNALS FROM CAR DRIVERS: "I am going to TURN to the LEFT or the RIGHT or SLOW down or SKID or STOP or may be DASH across and ask the WAY from the policeman on POINT duty"



SIGNALS FROM LORRY DRIVERS: "You may OVERTAKE me on my RIGHT; it is all clear in front except for TWO BUSES, a TRACTION ENGINE, a NARROW bridge, and three CYCLISTS round a blind CORNER." The above illustrations are reproduced from *You Have Been Warned*, by Fougasse and McCullough (Methuen. 5s.). A book written and illustrated in much the same vein as *1066 and All That*, and dealing with the humours of the road in a manner which cannot fail to amuse even those who believe "that driving by the people through the people and over the people should shortly perish from the earth"

We have had many many books on motor-racing and on subjects connected therewith. In fact the number is so great that I thought that everything that could be said on the subject had been published within the last four years. Last week, however, a new book made its appearance, which is really excellent reading. The authors, Captain G. E. T. Eyston and Mr. Barré Lyndon, are certainly to be congratulated on writing a book which everyone who is in any way interested in the great sport of motor racing will be eager to consume. Needless to say, the authors are in the position to impart much interesting information, but, what is perhaps more important, they give us this information in a very attractive way. Even if I could not read a word, I think I should still buy the book, which, incidentally, is called *Motor Racing and Record Breaking*, in order to look at the 132 illustrations, every one of which is beautifully presented and full of interest. Those given in the chapter headed "Racing Risks" form a collection the like of which has never been seen before. I am the last person to want to see an accident—or even to look at a photograph of one—but the collection to which I refer is so astounding that I keep looking at them again and again. The publishers of the book are B. T. Batsford, Ltd., London.

The 1935 motor-racing season has come to a close as far as Great Britain is concerned, and on looking back I am forced to the conclusion that it has been a very interesting time for the sport. The programme for the coming year has now been compiled, and it looks as if the number of events is going to be just as large as in 1935. Motor-racing is undoubtedly becoming more and more popular, not only with the competitor but also with the public, but there is a great danger that this popularity may fade to some extent unless the number of fixtures is reduced. As the responsible person in charge of Brooklands I am often asked what effect the opening of other tracks and private road courses is likely to have on Brooklands. My questioners, I know, expect me to say that with growing opposition the days of the old Weybridge course are numbered. Imagine their surprise when I tell them that the more tracks there are on which motor racing can take place in this country the more will I be pleased. The great Indianapolis track in America lives and prospers on one race-meeting a year. In this country the same can be said of Ascot in the horse-racing world, and although I do not visualise just one meeting at Brooklands each year, I do consider that if other tracks were to open I could reduce the number of meetings on my own course very considerably and yet the owners of the track would have a better financial return.

At the present moment this policy cannot be carried out because competitors would justly complain, for if a racing car is purchased there must be a considerable number of occasions on which it can be raced, otherwise the owner would probably not purchase a racing car at all. In the same way my considered opinion is that the total number of events in this country should be curtailed, no matter on what tracks or courses the events are run. At the present moment the fixtures come so close on each other that the public are muddled and the competitors have scarcely time to get their machines ready in the interval between race meetings. Another difficulty is that the number of events even now prevents competitors entering for as many fixtures as they would like. Entries must close about fourteen days before a meeting, and if there is another fixture in between the time of closing of entries and that meeting, the competitor rightly wonders whether his car will survive the race which is scheduled to take place in that fortnight interval.

IN THE COTSWOLDS: An Austin Seven Cabriolet model beside a typical Gloucestershire farmhouse. These small cars possess all the refinements and the performance of a large car combined with greater running economy and manœuvrability

Letters have appeared in certain journals suggesting that the Royal Automobile Club should take steps to forbid the various clubs from holding reliability trials on public roads. Such a suggestion is not by any means new, but I cannot see that any such action would be warranted. I can quite imagine that if I had a house on top of a gradient which an energetic and enthusiastic trials secretary thought would make a suitable test for the cars of his fellow members, and there was a procession of noisy vehicles up the hill all night, I might become annoyed. My annoyance, however, would be purely local, and as such I could very well deal with it locally without asking the R.A.C. to ban all trials throughout the country. It is only on such occasions that I think any annoyance could possibly occur.

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WINDMILLS

Relics of a More Leisured Age Pictured by the Artist and the Photographer

"THE MILL ON THE MARSH," BY B. STAFFORD-BAKER: A delightful canvas on view at the 1935 Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters which has just been concluded at 195, Piccadilly. The artist is an enthusiastic painter of such subjects and during the past three years a number of his works have been hung at the Royal Academy. This particular example represents the famous windmill at Icklesham, Sussex, but the setting is purely imaginary

"MILL ON THE FENS," BY A. F. W. HAYWARD: Another picture from the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, showing the picturesque but almost derelict windmill at Warboys, Huntingdonshire, which has lost one of its sails and in other ways is rapidly falling into decay

BATTERED BY THE ELEMENTS: The old marsh mill on Soham Mere, Cambridgeshire, which was badly damaged in a gale this year. It is the last of the large draining mills that once dotted the fens, and which have been either superseded by engines or left high and dry as the water-level fell. Soham is of the same type as those depicted in Cotman's remarkable paintings

AN OLD SUFFOLK LANDMARK: Percy C. Thurburn's study of the ancient mill at Wrentham, not far from Lowestoft, which has been out of use since the war. Actually it is surrounded with small buildings and sheds, but the artist has not included these

STILL GOING STRONG: Men attending to the sails of Willesborough Mill, Kent, which was erected in 1869 and even now is capable of grinding its three tons of corn a day. It is in octagonal smock formation built on a brick base and is painted white

THE RIVALS: The post and round house mill, and the smock mill at Outwood, Surrey, the first of which was built in the third quarter of the seventeenth century and the second in 1868, when the respective owners were brothers and in fierce competition. In 1930 the post and round house had only two sails, but the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings raised money locally and repairs were effected. The smock, however, was considered too dilapidated to be worth renovation

As there is such widespread interest in English windmills, and some of them are in such urgent need of repair, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings a short while ago formed a separate section to deal with these picturesque landmarks. The committee's main objects are to preserve old mills, to give financial aid to keep them at work, to provide technical advice on their repair, and to complete a survey of windmills so that a permanent record of them might be made and published. To further this work an appeal for subscriptions and for regular subscribers is now being sent out.

MIDST SNOW AND ICE

Here's a grand idea—a snug-fitting blouse of Grenfell cloth with a matching cap. In white it is perfect, or in yellow, red, light blue, or navy. The pocket is fastened with a zip, and among its hidden virtues are an inside pocket, and elastic at the waist. It costs two guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

WINTER SPORTS: Practical Kit for the Enthusiast

Navy proofed tricotine would be a good choice for this Lillywhite ski-ing suit, with its well-cut trousers, and the lined coat that has wide revers. It costs four-and-a-half guineas and is also made in black, nigger, or bottle green. The Guide cap is made in proofed gabardine, and costs 9s. 6d., while the price of the leather mitts is 14s. 6d.

On left—Something different—but essentially practical. The coat is made in hand-woven off-white tweed with a collar and pipings to match the navy, nigger, dark green, or black Skikord plus-fours. Worn with a Tyrolean felt hat, a checked shirt in cashmere finished flannel, and gaiters in white waterproof canvas, trimmed with red, blue or white leather, the entire outfit comes from Lillywhites, 24, Regent Street, W., whose winter sports catalogue is a veritable encyclopædia

Whether you are a hardened veteran or an eager novice you'll appreciate this blouse suit in navy proofed herring-bone serge. The blouse is lined, and the reinforced trousers are fitted with Lastex at the ankle. It costs four-and-a-half guineas at Harrods, or you can get it in blue gabardine for three guineas. An expert is always in attendance at Harrods to give really practical advice

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

SIR ARTHUR WILLERT: The distinguished journalist whose survey of present-day conditions in Europe has just been published by Heinemann under the title of *The Frontiers of England*

IT is a long time since the man in the street has been stirred quite so deeply out of his habitual attitude of disinterestedness towards foreign affairs. The present preoccupation is made all the more manifest by some of the main issues being flung into the cockpit of an election struggle. At such a moment a book like THE FRONTIERS OF ENGLAND (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is both apposite and illuminating. Sir Arthur Willert is a distinguished journalist, and until recently was Press Officer at the Foreign Office. His book is the result of a planned tour of Europe, taken with the express object of studying conditions on the spot.

The author has enjoyed peculiar advantages in being able, not only to conduct frank conversations with responsible statesmen, but to amplify his conclusions by contact with a good many people outside the official class.

British foreign policy took a definite turn into its present course from the moment Mr. Baldwin declared that our frontier was on the Rhine. One wonders in what terms the late M. Poincaré would have welcomed an even later declaration by a British foreign minister that there was a bridgehead across the Channel.

Recently it has become apparent that the whole trend has been towards an unflinching support of the League of Nations in the first real major issue that body has been called upon to face. For better or for worse, our steps have been guided towards a policy of collective security. Whether the collective system is just another instance of this country's attempt to maintain the balance of power in Europe, as the Isolationists infer, or whether it is the only policy which would render the continued existence of the League possible, is a question which can be examined through Sir Arthur Willert's pages.

The Italian dispute is the immediate percussion cap, but there is also Memel, Danzig, the Polish Corridor, the anomalous position of Austria, the Treaty of Trianon, and even Russia. Pledged to the collective system, Great Britain may be hard put to it to confine her frontiers, even within the boundary set by Mr. Baldwin.

Sir Arthur Willert observes, explains, but seldom comments. When he does we may find a sub-stratum of criticism of Simonism; but there may be some comfort in his ultimate conclusion, which is that at no time since the war has British prestige stood so high on the Continent as to-day.

THE LORDS OF CREATION (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) are, according to Mr. F. L. Allen, the money masters of America. Or at least they were, until 1929, and, for that matter, they and their successors may still be lords of all they control in that not inconsiderable sphere of power whose centre is still Wall Street.

The story of bygone American financial crises, of the rise of the big trusts, of the political battles which were fought about them, takes some dramatic force from Mr. Allen's lively pen, for here is an author who can not only recreate history from figures and facts, but can contrive vivid pictures of the men upon whom he confers his grandiose title. Schwab, the Steel King, Carnegie, the elder Pierpont Morgan, Harriman, and the rest of them may be flattered by such a designation, but at least their story is an exciting one, and is certainly a valuable contribution to a fantastic period in their country's history.

Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth arrived in Abyssinia early this year with an eager and enquiring mind, the status of special correspondent, and his faithful (and resourceful) servant, Evans.

"I booked a cabin," he writes, "and sent a telegram to Northcliffe House announcing that their long-lost Special Correspondent was leaving (without orders) for Addis Ababa."

With the same insouciance, Mr. Harmsworth interviewed Italian generals, inspected leper camps, and dined with the King of Kings, "a man of great calm, of indomitable pride, and pathetic sadness." ABYSSINIAN ADVENTURE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is the record of his travels, and very entertaining reading it makes.

There is something fresh and impetuous about the author's mind which compels interest and sweeps one along through the account of his journeys and boredoms and successes. Certainly Mr. Harmsworth's book is not cut to any conventional pattern, and least of all is it the solid, factual book of an accredited foreign correspondent, yet, with all its digressions and irrelevant gaieties, it is observant, and it is informative. And I think no less of Mr. Harmsworth's judgment for the following lines: "I observed . . . that camels have faces like human beings. I intend no offence to camels or human beings by this remark."

THE WHITE SEA CANAL (Bodley Head. 15s.) is as different a book from the above as one could find. There is very little place for humour in Soviet Russia.

Here is an account of the construction of the new canal between the White Sea and the Baltic Sea, written in the new Russian manner, by at least thirty people in turn. In this case they are the best writers of the Soviet Union, including Maxim Gorky, Alexei Tolstoy, Mirsky, and Lebedenko.

Political prisoners in tens of thousands were the forced labour used for this work, and some satisfaction seems to be derived from the fact that only thirty-seven officers were on guard over them. The number of deaths from attempted escape or other causes is not recorded. The only chapter missing from this apotheosis is one by a prisoner. Opponents of Communism are not encouraged to write in Soviet Russia; theirs is not to reason why, but to dig and die.

Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is, to use his new idiom, a swell book.

It is surprising, it is even hair-raising, it is uproariously funny and extravagant and bitter and comic. It is all these things for a least half its length, and then the pace slackens and anti-climax rears its ugly head, but there is still enough that is original about it to merit that "swell."

An earnest young Irish writer, setting out for Hollywood, under contract to Gentleman Jack Mortimer, and in the company of that fantastic creature and his yes-men; here is a situation that calls for satire, and Mr. O'Flaherty, having created the situation, enlarges upon it gleefully.

A beautiful Irish girl, "a born mummer," is discovered and the expedition heads for California, and a very good imitation of madness. The beautiful girl,

(Continued on p. 312)

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after a promising start, was my only disappointment. I had thought that she would remain as mad and as entertaining as her companions, but she fell, rather tediously, in love, and with her honest devotion came the anticlimax and, just in time, the end.

From the Hollywood of Mr. O'Flaherty's make-believe we are elevated to the real thing by no less a personage than that flashing-eyed, if erstwhile, screen idol and brilliant producer, Mr. Erich von Stroheim.

Films, we are told, are made with an unflinching eye upon the impeccable taste of the inhabitants of the Middle West. In writing his novel, **PAPRIKA** (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.), Mr. von Stroheim appears to have a relentless purpose in the same direction, nobly supported by his publishers who wrap it with a picture of a blonde nude dancing to a crowd of gipsies, and emphasised by a blurb which describes its "stark realism, brutal yet strangely lovely in its passionate emotionalism."

And in case you think this is too good to be true, here is the soul-throbbing climax.

"Was it the moon riding, half hidden among the clouds—or did two mounted figures gallop there? One a girl's figure, dazzling white, with silvery curls that floated in the breeze. The other dark, masculine, with deeply smiling eyes fixed on her face, one arm around her as they rode, she on the great black stallion, he on a snow white mare."

Kollossal!

PRUDENCE SUMMERHAYES whose latest book, *The World's Memory*, has run into a second impression. She is a niece of Sir Walter Currie

Similarly Mr. G. H. Saxon Mills knows and understands his London night life. Of **LONDON LADY** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) the publishers say that much of the story's fascination springs from the author's peculiar knowledge of his background.

Florence was just a night-club "hostess," and, as we all know, such little ladies have a habit of hiding hearts of gold behind their brave smiles. She runs the gamut from Manon to her modern equivalent, and while the author draws no dramatic profundities from her story, he adorns her tale with all the tinsel trappings and dreariness which are the background of those people who pursue this kind of pleasure with subterraneous zeal.

There must be some literary ingenuity in the attempt Mr. Frederick Prokosch has made in the episodic travelogue which he presents in the form of a novel in **THE ASIATICS** (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.).

Somewhat inconsequentially, the narrator appears in Beirut. Taking Smyrna and Damascus en route, he lands up in Turkey, only to be arrested and thrown into prison as a communist. Thence he escapes into Russia, and quickly escapes out again, this time into Persia, makes his way to India, having a brush with bandits on the way, consorts with Indian princes, journeys on to Burma, up the Irrawaddy and the tale of his adventures ends in Indo-China.

What he is looking for, except adventure and strange contacts, is not too clear, though certain of his philosophical musings seem to make the attempt. As a novel Mr. Prokosch has written quite a thrilling story of travel and adventure, of the kind which is apt to command a large public on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from p. 310)

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL (Grayson. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of letters, written by two elderly people to each other in the course of a year, 1932–3. He, Adrian, lived in the South of France, and she, Mericia, in London. They were old friends, and it is amusing, if rather obvious, to suppose that they were, and are, well-known people. Certainly there are allusions, and familiar ones, even when they are most discreet, to famous figures of our time, and I imagine that it would not take a Holmes to solve the riddle of their identities.

That, however, is not the important point. The value of these letters is intrinsic. They are scholarly, though Adrian has one misquotation, witty, and worldly wise. They are charming, and sometimes malicious, always well-bred, and if that sounds too stiff an estimate I will refer you to the story of Lizzie of St. Louis, or "poor Mrs. C——, who borrowed husbands, but always returned them sooner or later to their rightful owners," or the schoolboy's very satisfactory answer to the examination question, "State where elephants are to be found." "Elephants," he wrote, "are so big, they are not likely to be lost."

Mr. Hector Bolitho, always, and probably unfairly, associated in my mind with the Prince Consort, has written a book of short stories, **THE HOUSE IN HALF MOON STREET** (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.), of which the title story was I found the least convincing, and two at least of the others remarkably good.

The story of "Cracky Miss Judith" is a quiet little triumph in the sentimental manner, and the "Albatross," one of the shortest, is perhaps the best of all, because it has form and conciseness and drama, and Mr. Bolitho has not in this case spun his words very finely, and his story very thin!

V. F.

* * *

Just as some women now find self-expression in novel-writing, so did those of earlier days in penning voluminous letters to their nearest and dearest—epistles which, except in certain rare cases, served their purpose in their day, but were not calculated either to entertain or enlighten posterity. It is regrettable, therefore, that Lady Londonderry and H. M. Hyde in **MORE LETTERS FROM MARTHA WILMOT, 1819–1829** (Macmillan. 21s.) should have thought fit to rescue from oblivion much that this talented but verbose Irishwoman had to say. Martha Wilmot married the Rev. William Bradford, Chaplain to the British Embassy in Vienna, and thus, during a ten years' sojourn in the Austrian capital, she was in an excellent position to record and comment upon life in this gay city, then accounted the diplomatic centre of Europe. She had, however, neither the wit nor the powers of observation of a true gossip writer, her narrative in places being prosaic and heavily overburdened with wearisome domestic trivialities. The book has one or two entertaining passages, particularly where Martha, for once throwing decorum to the winds, indulges in scathing but not unjustified comment on the outrageous behaviour of Lord Stewart, the Ambassador, and his wife. "I declare solemnly," she said, "that their united vanity and selfishness amount almost to madness and their wish of keeping in the background, as domestic animals, those connected with them is only to be exceeded by the regal airs which they assume in their own persons. If ever they jog thro' life in seeming conjugal felicity, I have now given you the key to the secret why it is so. Their sympathy on these two points is perfect. . . . The public talk and everybody knows the truth and, 'tis added, with joy, that they will not be permitted to return as Ambassador and Ambassadress from England as Lord S. has appeared before the Emperor in dirty boots and otherwise with so little respect of demeanour that he will no longer endure him."

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(Continued on p. 314)

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from p. 312)

sabotage agent of the German Imperial Government, was published in 1933 under the title of *The Dark Invader*, and the book, which made thrilling reading from start to finish was deservedly a best seller. In **THE RETURN OF THE DARK INVADER** (Lovat Dickson. 9s.). Captain Rintelen now continues the story of his life, telling of the years that followed his release from Atalanta Penitentiary in 1921, and of how he went back to his native land, only to find the people in the depths of despair, the Government in the hands of defeatists, and the financial structure of the country crumbling. This second instalment, apart from a striking indictment of ex-Chancellor von Papen, falls far short of the first, and, at the finish, one is left with the impression that the author really had little to write that was worth while writing. His account of ceaseless wranglings with the professional politicians is neither very enlightening nor very inspiring, and for the most part is dull in the extreme, while his evident belief that his readers are acquainted with his earlier work renders many passages obscure. This is an autobiography that can be recommended only to the politically-minded.

When books are printed in the United States and some of the sheets are then sent over to this country to be bound and published, special care should be taken in proof reading, otherwise mistakes are apt to creep in, passing unnoticed on one side of the Atlantic but on the other causing either offence or, the lesser of two evils, merely amusement. These observations are prompted by a perusal of Hudson Strode's **THE STORY OF BERMUDA** (Jarrolds. 18s.) in which readers will note with interest references to the "Bishop of Canterbury" and to Betty Nuthall, "the English women's tennis champion." This, however, is about the only adverse criticism that can be made against a work in which fine photography and fine writing combine to present a true impression of these delightful islands where such things as motor cars are banned, and where man may still find respite from the ceaseless bustle of the modern world. Though the author is full of praise for this "Atlantic paradise," he does not allow his imagination to gain the upper hand, stating the advantages and disadvantages of the place with a candour that is decidedly refreshing, and is somewhat unusual in these days of subsidised travel literature.

Another superbly illustrated book, but dealing with an entirely different subject, is **HUNTING COUNTRIES** by F. A. Stewart (Collins. 21s.)—impressions of famous packs in action done in water colours and pen and ink by one of the most outstanding of contemporary sporting artists. The pictures are beautifully reproduced and have an added interest in that they contain readily identifiable portraits of well-known personalities. Among the hunts dealt with are the Atherstone, the Blackmore Vale, the Duke of Buccleuch's, the Cattistock, the Galway Blazers, the Cottesmore, the Heythrop, and the Meynell.

There have not been many outstanding novels during the autumn publishing season, but one that calls for particular attention is **QUAGMIRE** by Henry K. Marks (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.), the tragedy of a young man who from infancy to middle age is under the influence of his mother, so much so, in fact, that she becomes an obsession with him, dominating his every action and almost his every thought. This is a most aptly named book and is sure to arouse heated controversy: some will be inclined to label it as sensuous trash that should never have seen the light of day, while others will claim that it carries a message and a warning to every mother and every mother's son. Certain it is that hosts of readers, whatever their subsequent comments, will devour it at a sitting and, which is more, keep a sharp look out for the author's next effort. Three works of fiction you should also put on your library list are **THE CLOWN AND HIS DAUGHTER** (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.) by Halide Edib; **NED OF THE CARIBEES** (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)—A West Indian tale by Eden Phillpotts; and **MR. THEOBALD'S DEVIL** (Macmillan 7s. 6d.) by Anna Gordon Keown. Two other books, both of somewhat limited appeal, but none the less deserving of mention, are **SEA SAGA** (Gollancz. 18s.), edited by Louise King-Hall, being the diaries of four generations of the King-Hall family, and **SIR DONALD MACALISTER OF TARBERT** (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)—a biography of an eminent scholar by his wife.

A BOOK LIST

CASSELL.—SEA-GULLS IN LONDON. By Seton Gordon. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. R. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—WE DID NOT FIGHT: 1914-18 Experiences of War Resisters. With a foreword by Canon H. R. L. Shepard. Edited by Julian Bell. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—HOCKS AND MOSELLES. By Hugh R. Rudd. 5s. ANY SMALLER PERSON. By Alexander Duffield. 7s. 6d. SUMMER TIME ENDS. By John Hargrave. 10s. THE LAST PURITAN: A Memoir in the Form of a Novel. By George Santayana. 8s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—DE QUINCEY By Malcolm Elwin. (Great Lives) 2s. GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH: The Brides in the Bath case. By Frederick J. Lyons. 3s. 6d. MASKS. By Marie Queen of Roumania. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE FOUR GEORGES; A Revaluation of the Period from 1714-1830 by Sir Charles Petrie. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—BYRON: The Years of Fame. By Peter Quennell. Illustrated. 15s.

GLORIOSA SUPERBA: One of the attractive flower paintings by Isabel Codrington at the Rembrandt Gallery

ORCHIDS in ART

Isabel Codrington's Exhibition

Flower-paintings seem to be growing in popularity, and most of London's galleries nowadays hold frequent exhibitions of them in one form or another. Miss Isabel Codrington, whose latest flower-pieces were recently placed on view at the Rembrandt Gallery, Vigo Street, has always revealed a preference for orchids, because of their fascinating patterns and the way in which they climb into space. That this artist, who is equally noted as a skilled painter of allegories, landscapes, still-life and even war-pictures, should excel in floral subjects, is not surprising, since she lives surrounded by flowers of almost every known sort. These she paints direct from nature in every stage, and consequently has to adjust her work to the seasons. Some of the orchids she uses for her pictures are rare or interesting varieties. Her exhibition includes a Cymbidium which, although a tropical flower, is found at 6,000 ft., and even higher on the Himalayas. Another is an Odontioda, or member of the Odontoglossum family, of which a British variety named Purple Emperor made 1,000 guineas at a Stamford Hill auction a few years ago. Another example is the Oncidium, or "Butterfly," which was first discovered by Prince Maximilian of Wied Neuwied. One plant which became the subject of a picture by Miss Codrington was known as "The Moth." This was growing in the side of a native house in the Philippine Islands, so a whole piece of wood was cut out to keep the orchid alive.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

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N. (Scotland).—The place you mention would be rather cold in winter. We would recommend WORTHING, which is one of the warmest seaside resorts in the South of England. You and your family would be very comfortable at the PERCIVAL HOTEL which, though situated on the sea front, has lawns at the front and rear, and is therefore removed from the noise of passing traffic.

WINTER SPORTS

The new edition of Cook's *Standard Handbook of Winter Sports* is full of helpful information on the subject and gives, in addition, illustrated descriptions of the various resorts and hotels, whilst special arrangements are shown for skiing, skating, and initiation parties, the latter being inaugurated specially for beginners. Cook's organisation is unique in that it holds, actually in London, large allotments of rooms in nearly 100 hotels, embracing thirty different resorts. This exclusive facility makes it possible for the winter sportsman to secure, in this country, the accommodation he requires, and with hotel plans before him the exact knowledge of what he is getting. One can travel by air, putting up at a luxury hotel, by ordinary train service, or if a really inexpensive holiday is desired, nine happy days can be spent for as little as £9 5s., travelling by Cook's own special trains. Full particulars of these arrangements and a copy of the *Standard Handbook on Winter Sports* can be obtained from any of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son's offices.

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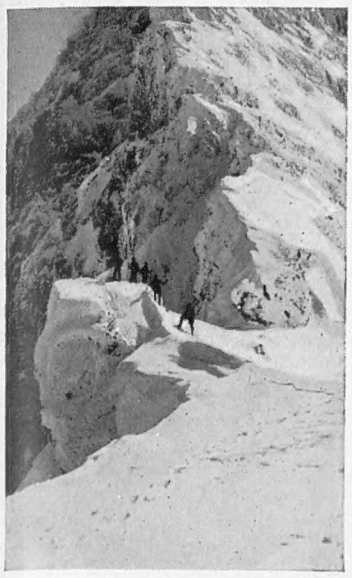

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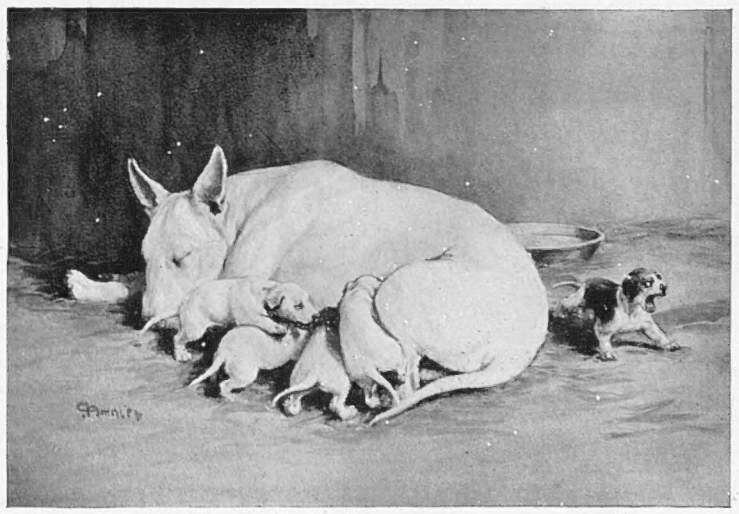

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CONTINUATIONS

THE CERVETERI SARCOPHAGUS

(Continued from p. 285)

not apparently satisfied in his mind and, in spite of Castellani's protests that it was a technical impossibility for the sarcophagus to be a forgery, continued to make searching and fruitless inquiries as to the exact spot at Cerveteri in which it was discovered. For years the arguments and discussions continued, and learned critics and archæologists continued to disagree, some declaring that the sarcophagus was a beautiful and unique specimen, others finding many discrepancies in the recumbent figures and the inscriptions.

In spite of these discussions, and the fact that in 1883 Enrico Penelli again began to broadcast his allegations against his brother, the sarcophagus remained in the British Museum, attracted crowds of visitors daily, and was mentioned in guide books and articles of travel. There is, for instance, in the *Monthly Review* of February, 1902, an article on the Villa Giulia in Rome, "Those who find their way there," we read "discover a charming villa, a fine sarcophagus with recumbent figures, much like the second example in the British Museum."

In a catalogue of the exhibits at the Villa Giulia we find also the following description of the sarcophagus which is exhibited there, "Traces of colour on the legs of the sofa indicate that this group is contemporary with the two other examples both coming from Caere and now existing, one in the Louvre and the other in the British Museum."

And now, after so many years have passed the Trustees of the British Museum have reluctantly been compelled to accept the fact that the sarcophagus, which has been admired by so many hundreds of sightseers, is in reality only a cleverly carried out fraud. The Terra-cotta room in the Greek and Roman galleries will know it no more, it will no longer be quoted in guide books as one of the few authentic specimens of old Ionic Etruscan art.

FRANCE'S EVER-GROWING NAVY

(Continued from p. 291)

approximately £45,000,000. It is rising steeply each year, which is only natural if one considers that the big new unities, such as the 26,500-ton battle cruiser *Dunkerque*, launched last month in two parts later to be put together, cost not less than 700,000,000 francs. Much more relatively, than did the 42,000-ton *Hood*. The two new capital ships will have to be largely met by loan in view of the nation's finance mess.

One or two things remain to be pointed out. The chief unities at present building are the *Dunkerque* and sister-ship, *Strasbourg*, and *two* 35,000-ton capital ships in answer (or so it was originally presumed), to Mussolini's *Littorio* and *Vittorio Veneto*. This will take matters to January 1, 1937, when the Washington Treaty lapses. Between this and then France can, in effect, legitimately attribute 105,000 tons to battleship and battle-cruiser construction, aud she intends to do so to the full . . . and perhaps a little more.

She may replace the sunken battleship *France*, which she could have done any year since 1922. This will mean 35,000 tons. And she has available a further 70,000 tons from Washington, which she never used. *Dunkerque* and *Strasbourg* between them absorb 53,000 tons. The remaining 52,000 tons being insufficient to match Italy's two new 35,000-ton vessels, France will officially lay down only one of these now. Nevertheless, a sister-ship should be in construction before 1937.

Naval politics have been kept as far as possible at arm's length, yet this much cannot be left unsaid: our so-sudden unilateral naval fixation with Germany did nothing if not harden French naval policy. For two reasons. The Paris view is that we were rushed off our feet; secondly, regarding France's own case, scepticism entire rules concerning the 43 per cent. superiority that the German are supposed to leave the French Navy "for all time."

Meanwhile, what an eloquent Navy is the Republic's! It contains, for instance, no fewer than 70 destroyers, many of them 'outsize," and 96 submarines; with an additional 21 and 15 building of each class of vessel. Abolish submarines, indeed! What do these English take us for? "Soon we shall have 120 of the biggest, finest, and fastest submarines afloat!"

THE FRENCH CRUISER FLEET

(Continued from p. 291)

designed for 33 and made well over 35 on trial. But their protection was limited to a conning-tower and gun-shields, which might with luck keep out shell-splinters, but which certainly would not do anything more. The first Italian cruisers of the Washington class, *Trento* and *Trieste*, turned out to be remarkably well protected for ships of their type, with a 3-in. belt covering the water line for the length occupied by their machinery and magazines, and the French realised that their own light ships would find it difficult to meet them in action. So in the Colbert class of four ships the designed speed was dropped from 33 to 31·3 knots, although the *Colbert* made 34 on trial in favourable circumstances, and they were given quite a fair measure of protection in the shape of an armoured belt over their machinery, elaborate water-tight subdivision by unpierced bulkheads carried right up to the upper deck, coal bunkers arranged to give the maximum protection, and anti-torpedo bulges. The next Italian class had even better protection so the French responded with their final cruiser of the Washington type, the *Algérie* which has just been commissioned to be flagship of the Mediterranean fleet, which has better protection than any Washington type cruiser in the world; stout hull plating which amounts almost to armour, a 4-in. belt, internal sub-division, and external bulges. Special steel was used in the construction of this ship which is regarded as being far and away the best of the Washingtons but which was terribly expensive. In the meantime the Italians built up a considerable fleet of very fast lightly armoured cruisers appropriately named after the Condottieri of the Middle Ages, and to counter these the French Navy now has under construction a class of six smaller cruisers of 7,730 tons, slightly slower than the original "tinclad" class and having an adaptation of their battery of 6.1-in. guns, but having really good armour protection on their water lines, decks, and gun turrets. The first of these ships is due to go through her trials next year.

Frank C. Bowen

NOVEMBER GLORY

(Continued from p. 300)

done and the contents have been secured, he flings away the empty shell with its resultant jagged and uneven edges.

It is only a short while since a stray peacock butterfly might have been come upon basking in the autumn sunshine, for the season has been a mild one. By now the last of these has vanished from the open, but on the outskirts of the copse there stands an ancient shed, disused for many a long day. Various wild creatures have discovered this to be a useful place of shelter, and so to-day, beside a beam, snugly hidden in a shadowy corner, one of these butterflies has come to rest. He has folded close his wings, their fine colour, in this way, completely concealed from notice, for their underside is dull, in contrasting shades of black and brown. And thus safeguarded he will remain all through the colder months, hibernating in this fashion. Until some shining day in later springtime will come to him, in his dim recess, and call him back once more to his accustomed haunts amid the blossoms and the sunlight.

Through the night as the wild geese swing high across the sleeping world their cries sound clear, charged with excitement and with mystery. And the Great Bear, flashing his bright lights, seems to dominate the dark hours from his place up in the northern sky, as the constellations march onward, through the heavens, in immutable serenity.

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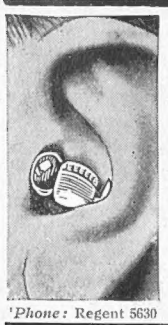

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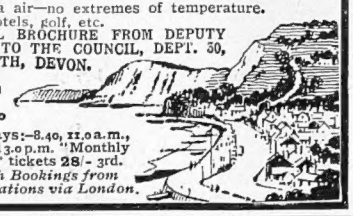

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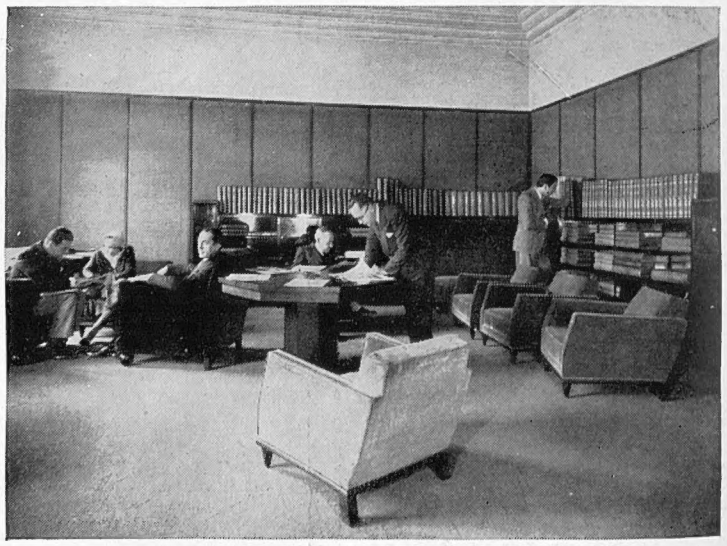

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Sussex (Portugal).—There is no hotel which can be recommended at Lagos, a port on the south coast of Portugal. There is a reasonably good hotel, the Grand Hotel da Praia at Praia da Rocha, a small resort about eight miles west of Lagos. Praia da Rocha has a good winter climate, mild, sunny, and bracing, the average temperature during January being about 53° Fah. The coast is rocky, though there is an excellent beach at Praia da Rocha. There are tennis courts in the town, and a small casino. Several English families are usually resident there during the winter months, and it is possible to rent villas at reasonable rates. Praia da Rocha is six hours' journey by train and car from Lisbon, and is therefore in somewhat of an isolated position, but if you require a small quiet place it should suit your purpose admirably. The Portuguese Travel Bureau, 20, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, can give you further particulars of villas at Praia da Rocha.

C. E. M. (Birmingham).—As you wish to spend your golfing week-ends in bracing air, we suggest WESTON-SUPER-MARE, where there are three splendid 18-hole courses. The manager of the leading hotel, the GRAND ATLANTIC—on the sea-front—has an excellent plan by which you pay a lump sum (not large), including golf and 1st or 3rd class return rail fares from Birmingham, with dinner-dances on Saturdays.

C., Worc. (Voyage to the East returning via Vancouver).—You could visit Penang, Port Swettenham, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Dairen by cargo boat of the Glen Line, with fortnightly sailings from London. The boats carry from twelve to thirty-two passengers, the fare for the round voyage, which takes three to four months, being £115. The tourist class fare from Yokohama to Honolulu via the Canadian Pacific Line is about £24, the cabin class fare by the same line from Honolulu to Suva, and from Suva to Vancouver being £24 and £29 10s. respectively. The boats carry third-class passengers also, but we think you would prefer to travel tourist or cabin class. You could travel back to England from Vancouver by the cargo service run by the Royal Mail Line in conjunction with the Holland America Line. These boats have saloon accommodation for from twelve to twenty passengers, the fare from Vancouver to England being about £50.

Mrs. E. de S. (Knightsbridge).—As you require an hotel in Sussex in proximity to sea and country we suggest the TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL, at ROTTINGDEAN, a picturesque village 15 minutes from Brighton. There is a good service of electric trains from London to Brighton, the journey taking one hour. The hotel has an attractive old-world atmosphere and is particularly quiet at night, and warm during the winter months. For a week-end visit we advise you to book in advance.

S., Norfolk (Sea voyage).—We think you would benefit by a long sea voyage more than by a stay in one place. As you do not wish to spend a great deal of money on your trip we suggest you visit South Africa, as the Union Castle Line are quoting specially reduced return fares for the winter season. The return tourist class fare from England to Natal in this way is £35, or £30 to Cape Town. You would enjoy a short stay at one of the small seaside resorts near Cape Town particularly as you will be visiting South Africa during the summer.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

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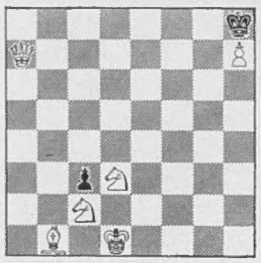

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A special feature of the issue is the section dealing with OLD LONDON, ranging from the time of FitzStephen down to the last century. Special colour reproductions have been made from contemporary drawings, supplemented by the work of modern artists. The scenes dealing with eighteenth-century London are particularly full of historic charm.

A second dominating section of the issue deals with eighteenth-century PIRACY, a subject which THE SPHERE has recently very much made its own. A number of hitherto unpublished documents concerning the death of BLACKBEARD, and the difficulties of rounding up the Pirates have been illustrated and are quoted textually. MONTAGUE DAWSON, RELF, and other artists illustrate this section.

The intriguing story of Melusina, half woman and half serpent, and her husband's fatal week-end discovery, is amusingly illustrated by HOOKWAY COWLES.

The charm of the RUFF is a subject which gives opportunity for many interesting reproductions of Dutch and other portraits, some of them reproduced in this issue for the first time.

The COUNTRYSIDE IN WINTER is illustrated by a number of artists; the subjects include in this section a striking double-page by W. BRYCE HAMILTON. Some new CANINE STUDIES will appeal to all dog-lovers.

CAROLS, SHORT STORIES, and POEMS, help to round out to the very full the list of CONTENTS of this CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE SPHERE.

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